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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE WORK OF THE THIRD LEAGUE ASSEMBLY

A SUMMARY of the work done by the Third League Assembly, issued by the Secretariat, lays stress upon the discussion and partial solution of the following issues: reduction of armaments, Reparations and Interallied debts, and the rehabilitation of Austria. The Assembly unanimously adopted the principle of a reduction of armaments based upon a treaty of mutual guaranty against attack, to be worked out in detail during the coming year. 'As a result, much of the confusion and false thinking which have surrounded this subject have been removed, and a really solid basis has been laid for positive and united action.'

In the discussion of Reparations and Interallied debts, the European neutrals for the first time came forward to point out that they are as vitally concerned in the prompt and sane solution of these questions as the directly interested Powers.

On all sides it seemed to be accepted that, if the Allied Powers cannot reach agreement between themselves and with Germany within a reasonable future, the Reparations Powers may turn the whole question over to the League and make a fresh start along new lines. No one who listened to the highly tense debate on this subject can for a moment doubt that a strong presumption has been created in favor of this change, and that the days when two or three Powers have dominated what is in effect a world problem are fast approaching their end. In other words, the debate at Geneva promises to effect a fundamental alteration in the spirit and atmosphere surrounding the Reparations and Interallied debt question.

Austria's rehabilitation was turned over to the League by the Allied Powers when the situation seemed almost beyond remedy. The League of Nations plan, which was worked out in three weeks, was unanimously adopted.

The Powers concerned were brought about a common council-table; statesmen like Balfour, Bénès, Seipel were given the opportunity of daily contact; some of the foremost financiers and economists of Europe, who compose the Economic and Financial Committee of the League, were in constant attendance; a trained staff of lawyers was at hand; and in addition there was the atmosphere of a friendly world assembly. Consequently the political instability affecting Central Europe was overcome by a Five-Power Treaty guaranteeing the independence and political integrity of Austria; the internal difficulties by a programme of economy and reform to be executed under a League of Nations High Commissioner; and the financial difficulties

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by a loan of 650,000,000 gold crowns secured by Austrian state revenues and guaranteed mainly by the four Governments of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Czechoslovakia.

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TWO TRAVELERS TO JERUSALEM

THE editor of the organ of the United Free Church of Scotland, Mr. Livingstone, has recently been in Palestine. On the way he met a Jew and an Arab, the latter a Christian born in Bethlehem, also thither bound. The Jew was born in London of Russian parents. His grandfather and grandmother had fulfilled the dream of their life by going to Jerusalem to die in their old age. The grandson was making his first visit to the Holy Land. The Arab was returning after a long sojourn abroad.

The Jew was all eagerness to see Palestine and full of enthusiastic anticipation regarding the fortnight he was to spend in Jerusalem. The Arab was also eager to see his home and family after all the years he had been absent. . . . We saw Alexandria together, and then the Jew went to Cairo and up the Nile, and the Arab and I proceeded to Jerusalem. About a fortnight later, after visiting Galilee, I was back in Jerusalem for Easter week and there I came across my two friends again.

For both I was profoundly sorry, but chiefly for the Jew, for it is sadder for a man to lose his ideals than to incur a disappointment. He was sour, lonely, desolate, and wondering desperately how he could put in the other week he was bound to spend in the city. He was a Cook's tourist. Palestine had disillusioned him. He had never realized it was so barren and primitive a land. The conditions in Jerusalem had cast a shadow over his spirit. The bare Synagogue, the unreformed services, the poverty and squalor of the Jewish quarters, all depressed and hurt him. . . . His constant exclamation was 'What a land! I would n't give tuppence for the whole of it! Let the Arabs have it!'

However, after the first shock of disillusionment, his judgment came to the rescue, and before his departure he had begun to adjust himself to his new ideal of the Jewish national home; but nothing would make him stay beyond his allotted time.

As for the Arab, he was on his way to the immigration office to arrange for his immediate departure, and to the telegraph office to cable for a berth on the earliest steamer. . . . After living a larger life abroad, he could not adapt himself to the narrow and enervating atmosphere of an Arab community.

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LLOYD GEORGE AND THE ELECTIONS

WHEN Lloyd George stated, in his Manchester speech, that the French had been beaten by the Turks in Cilicia and forced to renounce their pretensions to that part of the Ottoman Empire, he provoked a flash of quick resentment from the French nation, which resulted in vigorous attacks upon him in the Paris press. Henry Bidou, writing in *Le Figaro*, says that the statement is a falsification of history, and describes from personal observation the condition of the front in Cilicia in the autumn of 1921, before the French troops withdrew. He says: 'It takes unfathomable ignorance or unfathomable bad faith to assert that Cilicia was returned to the Turks for military reasons. It was returned in spite of our military success. . . . France abandoned her conquest from a sentiment of justice, in obedience to the mandate she had accepted, and in order to render honestly to the Turks what belonged to the Turks.'

The same writer derides the idea that General Harington, who conducted the Mudania negotiations for the British, is a diplomat. 'He is an excellent officer, who did his duty at the Conference table in the same orderly

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way that he managed his troops. But no one dreams of ascribing to General Harington broad views or superior skill as a negotiator. At Constantinople he allowed the wool to be pulled over his eyes in a ridiculous way by his own police.'

The former Premier seems to have few defenders even in his home press. The *New Statesman* says: 'For four years Mr. Lloyd George has been allowed to explain away the most tremendous series of blunders for which ever a British Minister was responsible. . . . He may be the greatest of mates, but he is certainly the most dangerous of captains. An honest fool would have served better the fundamental interests of Great Britain and of the Empire during the past four years.'

The *Outlook* regards Lloyd George as 'the first autocrat to rule over these islands since Cromwell.' E. T. Raymond, writing in the same weekly, considers that the former Premier still stands first on any list of possible prime ministers in the future. 'He is the only possible head of a coalition.'

Naturally, before the last election there were the usual computations of prospective balloting, based on earlier voting statistics. Labor was an unknown quantity, though its setback in the municipal polling seemed to prophesy a more moderate success in the general election than many had earlier anticipated. Precedents showed that the Conservatives are more regular voters than the Liberals, who will flock to the ballot boxes when they are in the mood, and will sulk in their tents with mugwump disapproval when candidates or policies do not suit them. The rapidity with which the franchise has been broadened may be gathered from the increase in the votes cast, which was less than four million in 1900 and well toward eleven million in 1918, at an election where nearly seven million eligibles did not vote because their constituencies were uncontested.

A *Manchester Guardian* contributor dedicates to Lloyd George the following little poem, which may lose some of its pertinence after the election: —

If the wild Die-hard thinks he slays,
  Or if the Wee Free thinks he 's free,
They little know my subtle ways —
  They still will have to deal with me.

Pure black and white to me are one,
  So deviously I turn and twist:
I am the midnight and the sun,
  The Lib-Lab-Tory-Socialist.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
  When they get landed, I 'm the fix;
I am the clouter and the clout
  And still the Biggest Thing in Sticks.

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A MOTHER'S LETTER

A REDEEMING feature, perhaps the only touch of greatness, in the recent trial of Rathenau's murderers was the letter that the murdered Minister's eighty-year-old mother, to whom he had been a most devoted son, wrote on the third of July to Frau Techow, the mother of the two boys convicted as accomplices in the assassination: —

In my grief beyond words I stretch out my hand to you, poorest of poor women. Tell your son, in my son's name and spirit, that I forgive him as God may forgive him if he makes full confession to terrestrial justice and repents before the Divine Tribunal. Had he known my son, the noblest being that ever breathed, he would sooner have turned the murderous weapon against himself than injure my son. May these words give peace to your soul.

MATHILDE RATHENAU.

Referring to this letter, the *Manchester Guardian* says: —

When one remembers the writer of these lines as she appeared at her son's funeral service in the Reichstag, eyes shut, a face of stone, like a graven image of grief; when one considers that these words were written

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by a woman whose religion claims an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, the nobility of that letter and the reality of the tragedy stand out more clearly.

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ECONOMIC NOTES FROM RUSSIA

ACCORDING to a private but authoritative account of the agricultural situation in Soviet Russia, which has just reached the *Living Age* office, a high Soviet official reports: 'We do not possess even approximate reliable data as to our population, live stock, planted area, crops, consumption, or transportation conditions.' Consequently estimates of this year's harvest vary widely. The Soviet Food Commissioner considers it good. While the planted area is some 30 per cent less than last year, according to his information, the harvest is 35 per cent better, and will presumably total about 45 million tons of grain. This is a little more than five eighths of the usual crop before the war. If the estimate is right, the quantity available for rural consumption, after allowing for seed and for taxes in kind, will be eleven or twelve bushels per head.

On the other hand, Winokurov, a member of the Soviet Central Comittee for Famine Relief, insists that 15 per cent of the people in the famine districts have no grain to-day, and that the harvests will not provide them with food enough for subsistence. Perhaps the most plausible estimate makes this year's crop area between 125 and 150 million acres, and average production between ten and twelve bushels an acre.

An unfavorable feature the present year is the fact that crops have been poor in parts of Southern Russia that ordinarily produce the largest grain surplus — those Governments lying directly north of the Black Sea. There is a second afflicted area along the Volga, where a complete crop failure occurred last year. Direct reports from certain German colonies in that region indicate that the number of draft animals declined from 164,000 in 1921 to 46,000 in 1922, and that similar conditions prevail in the regions surrounding these colonies. The result is that most of the fields must be cultivated by unaided human labor.

The general effect of these conditions is to keep the price of grain high and practically to prohibit export even from centres where there is a local surplus. According to latest reports, the price of wheat in Ukraina is now about 25 cents gold higher a bushel than it is in London.

The Nizhni Novgorod Fair is officially closed. *Ekonomitsheskaya Zhisn* for October 1, in announcing this fact, states that its success 'far exceeded expectations,' but naïvely admits that the expectations were very modest.

Undiscouraged by the exceedingly moderate success of the Nizhni Novgorod Fair, the Soviet Government announces a great fair to be held at Baku, where goods from Persia, Turkestan, and Transcaucasia will be exchanged for Russian products and, presumably, for foreign wares.

According to Moscow *Pravda*, the Soviet Government has granted a concession to the International Barnsdall Corporation of the United States. *Asneft* is in Soviet neolinguistics the Bolshevist State Baku Oil Syndicate.

The main thing is that the assistance o American capital enables us to raise the out put, and to supply the Republic with suffi cient oil, while we remain the complet masters of the oilfields. In fifteen years time the entire machinery and equipmen will become the property of Asneft, withou any compensation whatever. True, th Americans will gain from the exploitatio of the borings during this period, but all th borings, by whomsoever worked, will re

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main in the hands of the Republic and are not the object of the concession. The Americans have been the first to offer us their wide initiative; they have been the first to undertake the difficult task of reviving our oil industry. We have to welcome them not only as daring oil-pioneers, but also as the first swallows of an eventual Russian-American understanding.

L'Illustration, to which Premier Poincaré was a regular contributor before he returned to cabinet office, prints the following reference to the visit of M. Edouard Herriot, the radical mayor and Deputy of Lyon, to Russia, which he visited 'in a private capacity':—

He was at Moscow, Petrograd, and Nizhni Novgorod. At the Soviet capital, where he remained more than three weeks, he was in constant touch with the People's Commissioners, and frequently discussed at length political and economic problems with them. Upon his return to Lyon, on October 15, M. Herriot gave his political friends and the press the following summary of his 'mission of inquiry,' which he took on his own initiative. His general impression was that an economic renaissance is occurring in Russia, parallel with a radical transformation in the Soviet régime. Though the Bolsheviki have not yet restored the bourgeois forms of property, they have radically modified their original Communism, and are honestly endeavoring to reëstablish freedom of commerce.

M. Herriot also believes that closer relations between France and Soviet Russia are possible. The Soviets are ready to recognize the pre-war debts, though this does not mean that they are able to pay them. On the contrary, they require foreign aid to restore their finances, and to reëquip their factories and their railways. But Russia is a country rich in agricultural and mineral wealth. In exchange for the assistance given her, she will grant French enterprises ample concessions in her territories. Contrary to the general impression, the Soviets do not favor Germany, whose aggressive enterprise they fear. A renewal of the traditional friendship between France and Russia would be a firm foundation for European peace. M. Herriot considers that the Soviet régime is firmly established, and that there is not the slightest possibility that it will be overthrown.

These are the very optimistic impressions that the Deputy from Lyon has brought back from Russia. Eager to promote good relations between the two countries, he invited Chicherin to participate in the next Lyon Fair, and promised that the City of Lyon would be represented at the Nizhni Novgorod Fair of 1923.

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MILITARISM IN SOUTH AMERICA?

L'Indépendance Belge devotes a long leading article to the alleged growth of the military spirit in South America. The German naval annual, *Taschenbuch der Kriegsflotten*, for 1922, states: 'At the Argentine port of Bahía Blanca, submarines of the type used in Germany at the close of hostilities are being constructed under the direction of German engineers,' and describes in detail these vessels, which carry two cannon and have six torpedo-tubes. Argentina's activity in aviation, as well as in naval preparation, is also noted.

Turning to Brazil, the anonymous author of this article says that the recent abortive military revolt in that country was merely 'a manifestation of exasperated nationalism.' Brazil has the strongest fleet in South America, and an army of sixty battalions of infantry, forty-one machine-gun batteries, eighty squadrons of cavalry, ninety batteries of light artillery, eighty-one batteries of heavy artillery, in addition to special artillery units, six battalions of engineers, and thirteen aviation squadrons. These forces are armed and drilled according to the latest French model, and a French military mission acts as adviser to the General Staff. At the recent grand manœuvres that were held in the southernmost State of the Republic, no foreign observers were invited.

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Uruguay, according to this writer, is convinced that she will be the first sufferer from an eventual conflict between Brazil and Argentina, and is spending money lavishly for defense. In case of such a war, Argentina would be forced by military considerations to seize the mouth of the Plata River in order to prevent the blockading of Buenos Aires, and this would represent a trespass upon Uruguay's sovereign rights. So the Government at Montevideo places no reliance on guaranties of neutrality, and cites Belgium as an example to be avoided. Her fears have much to do with her active agitation in favor of a Pan-American League, as mentioned in the *Living Age* of October 14.

While Chile is usually singled out as the most aggressive military power in South America, she is at present preoccupied with other matters. Her land forces are as strong as those of Argentina, but much weaker than the army of Brazil. However, she is at present fully occupied with railway and industrial development, and therefore is reluctant to incur heavy military expenses. For this reason Chile may be expected to champion disarmament at the coming Pan-American Congress at Santiago.

In conclusion this writer says: —

All this information, all these rumors, all these reports, are strictly true. The statement in the German Naval Year Book is true. If the account of secret manœuvres in the Rio Grande do Sul is not true, in any case Brazil has no desire to disarm. Uruguay's eagerness to make it an international offense to violate the neutrality of any country is also true. Chile's proposed movement in favor of disarmament is true. All these facts are so interrelated that it is logical to conclude that 'the war craze,' as they say in South America, has even reached that continent.

EUROPE'S FIGHT AGAINST ALCOHOL

ACCORDING to the London *Lancet*, the Austrian Minister of War has 'taken a firm line against alcohol.' Total abstainers are preferred in the promotion in rank and 'the leading officers themselves belong to this group.' The experiment will be watched with interest, and is the occasion of a semi-humorous allusion in the *Manchester Guardian* to somewhat different conditions in the American Expeditionary Forces, from a country officially dry.

The Brussels correspondent of the *Morning Post* refers to Belgium as *demi-sec* — that is, moist, but neither dry nor wet. No restriction is placed on the sale of wine or beer, but not a drop of spirits may be served in restaurants, hotels, cafés, or other places of public entertainment. This law, which is strictly enforced, was the occasion of an amusing incident when the Italian Crown Prince, during his recent official visit to Belgium, welcomed the popular Burgomaster of Brussels, Max, on board the royal torpedo-boat which brought him to that city.

A crowd lined the quay and watched the proceedings with an interest which turned almost to emotion when they saw Italian stewards arrive on deck carrying glasses and — yes; unquestionably — a bottle of Schiedam, which was offered to the visitors. As the representative of Brussels raised his glass to his lips, there was a gasp of surprise among the spectators: laughter and cries of *Défendu! défendu!* rent the air.

The Burgomaster turned smilingly to the crowd and shouted jovially: *C'est bien! Nous sommes en Italie sur ce bateau, vous savez!* (It 's all right. We 're in Italy on this vessel, you know!)

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THE FASCISTI — WHITHER BOUND?

[*The following reviews of recent developments in the Fascisti movement are from the Liberal* Corriere della Sera, *of Milan, September 27 and October 6, and* Critica Sociale, *a Milan Conservative-Socialist fortnightly, September 16–30. Though written before the Naples Fascisti Congress and the present Cabinet crisis, they discuss issues of immediate importance in Italy, and have an indirect bearing upon the general European situation.*]

I

THE Bolshevist carnival in Italy, following the war, inflicted a wound upon the country that roused our people from their torpor. They saw the abyss ahead and drew back. But the disastrous consequences of a public policy that shrank from all responsibility and bowed with resignation to whatever befell, taught nothing to the Cabinets that followed. They have persisted in letting events take their course, in meeting difficulties with weakness and indifference or not meeting them at all. Crisis has followed crisis, and bad conditions have become worse. The first Facta Cabinet was better than the second. To-day it would be difficult to imagine an abuse, an admonition, a protest, that would stir to action a ministry whose passive tolerance has apparently descended to the level of utter powerlessness.

We should bear in mind that the excesses of the Bolsheviki in Italy were due to the fault of the Government: because the weaker the latter, the greater the presumption of any subversive element, which is encouraged to fancy the way is opened to achieve its wildest hopes. And we must in fairness recognize that again to-day the partial dictatorship of the Fascisti is likewise due to a paralysis of public authority. When no limit is set by the established Government to private usurpation, we cannot expect a youthful and impulsive movement to set bounds for itself; or, if it does so, it surely will not place them where they ought to be. Everything seems permissible where everything is tolerated. Yesterday the Fascisti were celebrating their victory over their subversive Socialist adversaries; to-day they are celebrating their victory over the constituted authorities. . . .

The Fascisti, after championing for a period the authority of the State against the insurgent factions among our people, now proclaim that Fascismo is the State. There is a traditional Government at Rome; the Fascisti Government follows the military and political leaders of that movement wherever they may be. And Rome remains silent.

The Fascisti demand a general election. It is certainly hard to argue that our present Parliament, in view of recent changes in the sentiment of the country and in the relations of the parties, still represents the people who elected it. But the Fascisti are determined to fix the date of the election, and to permit no change of the Cabinet until it occurs. That may serve the purposes of the Fascisti Government, but it may not serve the welfare of the nation. The Fascisti no longer pause to consider either the number or the nature of their commands. The incredible remissness of the Central Government leaves a tabula rasa, on which there is a temptation to write whatever one may list. It is this situation that is bringing into existence a

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second Government. So the Cabinet no longer possesses authority even to 'transact the routine duties of an administration'; it no longer directs public affairs, although problems of the utmost seriousness, quite independent of our domestic crisis, are now crying for settlement, and although we are entering upon that critical period that always precedes a general election.

The Fascisti have denied the wild rumor that they propose to 'march on Rome.' We believe that this denial is made in good faith. But they have already marched on Rome by issuing peremptory commands to Parliament and to the Cabinet.

To-day Rome is open to men of good faith. The elections will be held when it is possible to hold them; but before an election we must have a real Government. If the Fascisti desire something better than the present ghost of Government, they should join the Cabinet. Rome is so weak that it presents no obstacle to any group of resolute and determined men, if they will but work within the generous confines of the Constitution.

This complete domination by a single group of citizens over the whole life of the nation — partly by force of circumstances, partly because the constituted authorities have failed utterly to do their duty — has taught us all a lesson. Fascismo, having nothing else to fear, should now begin to fear the very completeness of its victory. Citizens of all parties and beliefs should bethink themselves of the duty that rests upon them — to express at the ballot box the convictions they cherish in their hearts. Parliament should recognize that personal ambitions and party jealousies have served merely to defeat ambitions and rivalries, and to convert a large section of the public to dangerous and novel doctrines.

Certain concrete applications of Fascisti economic theories raise the question of how far the doctrines of its leaders correspond to the practices of the rank and file. In the province of Siena the Fascisti have compelled agricultural employers to take on idle hands of whom they had no need. Fascisti in the postal and telegraph service in Piedmont demand radical administrative reforms. Straws like this indicate the way the wind is blowing. They make us wonder if the Fascisti, once in the saddle and with the masses behind them, may not adopt the same programme and enforce it in the same manner as their Red predecessors. Mussolini, to be sure, declares explicitly that Fascisti syndicalism is entirely different from Communist syndicalism, because it will not tolerate strikes in the public service, because it enforces the principle of collaboration among all classes, and because it conceives the proletariat as only one branch of the national tree, forming part of a greater organic whole. But acts count; and the acts of the Fascisti are not as devoid of class sentiment and selfish objects as the words of their leaders and their published programmes would have us think.

The Fascisti platform is substantially that of traditional classical liberalism. Mussolini insisted upon this at the Udine meeting: —

> The State is not a party. It is a national community. It embraces all, and defends itself against every trespass upon its imprescriptible sovereign rights. . . . We aim to deprive the State of all its economic functions. We are done with Government railways, Government employment agencies, Government insurance, with all measures that take taxes from the people of Italy for the benefit of a special class, and aggravate our financial prostration. We leave to the State its police powers, to protect honest citizens from robbers and criminals; we leave it the control of the schools, to train our coming generations; we leave it

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the army, to preserve the territories of the fatherland inviolate; and we leave it the control of foreign policy.

Excellent. A doctrine that may well be taught to a generation saturated with Socialist theories and State worship, and forgetful of the teachings of Adam Smith, of Say, of Francesco Ferrara. It is always a service to recall to the citizens of to-day the example of Peel and of Cavour. It is as important to make a creed — as the classical Liberals did — as it is to put it into practice; and that is the task that the Fascisti have set before themselves in Italy. But are the leaders and the rank and file perfectly clear in their own minds as to how they will put their excellent programme into practice? Do they not still need to drill into the minds of their followers some simple economic truths, so that the latter may comprehend the practical benefits of their doctrine and the urgency of applying it at once?

Take the case of Siena, in whose agricultural districts there are many unemployed laborers. It is faced with the economic and social task of finding work for them. At first the Socialists and then the Fascisti resorted to the device of compulsory employment. Each landowner was forced to hire a stated number of laborers for every hundred acres of land he owned or operated. The Fascisti imagined that they would thereby abolish unemployment and increase production. 'Indolent and avaricious' proprietors were forced to draw out the money they had 'lying idle' in savings banks and commercial banks, and to employ their funds in productive enterprises: that is, in raising crops and reforesting their domains.

But this reasoning is false, and the effects of its application will probably in the long run be very different from what its advocates imagine. It is an utter fallacy to suppose that so-called millionaires are hoarding money in places where land is lying idle and labor is unemployed. In our day the people who hoard their funds simply for the sake of hoarding are so rare as to be negligible. Funds deposited in banks and savings banks are not idle. Far from that: they are employed in countless ways to stimulate production. When the so-called 'greedy hoarder' is compelled to draw out his deposits, in order to give work to the unemployed, it simply means taking his money from an occupation usually more profitable both for himself and for society, and placing it in a less profitable investment. Landowners and farmers in the district of Siena assert that their money is earning less than one per cent when used to give work to the unemployed at the dictation of the Fascisti. Substituting a less profitable form of production for a more profitable form means economic waste. Possibly three hundred idle farm-laborers in Siena will be employed; but a thousand somewhere else in Italy will lose their jobs. That is class policy with a vengeance.

The strikes that spread through the country districts of Italy at the end of the last century and the beginning of the present century really benefited agriculture because they forced rural employers to relinquish their old, traditional methods of cultivation and to adopt modern methods. Finding themselves forced to pay laborers five or six lire a day, instead of two lire as formerly, and being at the same time free to increase or diminish the number of men they hired, they substituted improved agricultural machinery for human muscle, introduced deep ploughing, and began to use artificial fertilizers. The total result of our agrarian strikes was good, because they forced our farmers to advance along the line of least resistance, to economize labor,

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to use modern implements, to reduce the cost of production in every way. At the same time there is more employment than ever, because where the cost of production is low, wages are high, and the demand for workers is active.

By adopting the precisely opposite policy we are going backward: the farm manager is compelled to employ two men where he could get along with one. There is no difference between this anti-economic policy and the selfish opposition of our Genoa longshoremen to the introduction of electric cranes at that port. At first such arbitrary measures may lessen unemployment; but in the long run they increase labor costs; prices rise; and it becomes impossible to compete with more prudent and farsighted rivals.

II

WHITHER bound? Many are anxiously asking this question even among those who only two years ago acclaimed and supported the Fascisti as the nation's saviors from disorder and anarchy. Those to whom the Fascisti movement seems to spell defeat — the working classes — may minimize the demoralization produced by its daily criminal expeditions, and their accompanying violence, murder, and arson. The future historian, when he describes this unhappy episode in the life of the Italian nation, will not pass over unrecorded the callous moral indifference with which our press views these abuses. The daily spectacle of these savage conflicts does not provoke from our newspapers a single word of regret, reproof, or surprise. In this indifference the historian will probably discover a symptom of the universal degeneracy of our present age.

But if the inciters and fomenters of the Fascisti can look unmoved at these scenes of daily violence, their callous calm can hardly remain undisturbed when they see their protégés adopting the very methods of those they were organized to fight. The controversies among the Fascisti at Ferrara over labor policy; the protest of the agricultural employers of Siena against the local Fascisti for compelling them to give work to the unemployed upon their estates; the seizure by the Fascisti of a large factory in Val di Mugello, with the same object of finding work for the unemployed, and their levying upon the proprietors the cost of their expedition — these are incidents proving that every such movement follows invariable laws; that when you resort to force and violence, force and violence become the remedy for every ill.

The Fascisti have tried to be simultaneously an army and a political party, a military force and a social force. They have recruited the soldiers for their army from the students in the universities and secondary schools, from the broad ranks of the déclassés, from the unemployed, and from men who rebel against every form of routine labor and discipline. But in order to create a political party they have been forced to appeal to the masses. And we are learning to-day a lesson we have often been taught before: that only parties representing the masses can be an effective force in national life.

So the Fascisti have been compelled to assume the rôle of protectors of Labor's rights. So long as they enrolled in their ranks a minority of the organized workers, they made themselves the protectors only of their own members, to the prejudice of all other working people. That is, they persuaded employers — without much difficulty — to engage first or exclusively employés

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who carried the cards of the Fascisti unions. This was an effective weapon against recalcitrants, who were thus condemned to idleness at a time when unemployment was almost universal. It was natural, therefore, that wherever Socialist conviction and class-consciousness were weak among the working people, and where the threat of hunger and the fear of idleness were stronger than their political loyalty, great numbers of them flocked into the ranks of Fascisti unions in order to assure themselves employment. In fact, they rallied to the banners of the Fascisti with such enthusiasm that their numbers soon exceeded the places that could be found for them, especially since many employers, who were satisfied with their present working force and did not care to offend the Socialists, refused to dismiss old employés in order to take on new men whom they did not know and who were less skilled than those they already had.

So the Fascisti have been obliged to use compulsion in order to force out workers already employed and to compel farmers and factory owners to hire more help than they needed. Possibly they imagine that they are thus promoting social peace, increasing production, and benefiting their country; but the truth is they are merely obeying the same exigencies that every trade union must obey.

An incident of the same general character, though different in its superficial aspects, has occurred at Genoa. Last August the Fascisti compelled the President of the Consortium of port employers to resign and the Consortium itself to reorganize. All contracts between the Consortium and the wharf laborers' societies were violently annulled. It looked as if a monopoly — that was said to represent a resurrection, *mutatis mutandis*, of the old mediæval guild and to have driven shipping lines away from Genoa to Marseille — had finally been abolished.

Some newspapers remarked that, although the fires that the Fascisti set along the quays of Genoa destroyed a certain amount of property, the loss would soon be made good by the revived activity of the port and its increased prosperity. Champions of Liberal economics greeted the event as a salutary emancipation. Our more important journals sent special correspondents to Genoa, to gather reminiscences of the fallen monopoly and to paint glowing pictures of the new régime of freedom.

But these correspondents were compelled to report that the old monopoly, whose demise had been so eloquently celebrated, was very much alive — merely with a change of personnel. Its persistent vitality was due to the fact that it filled a necessary place in the economy of the port; and our laissez faire doctrinaires were silenced.

All this merely means that when the Fascisti try to take the place of the Socialists, in order to put an end to what they consider intolerable industrial conflicts, they finish by adopting the same methods that the Socialists and the old trade unions used. Quite naturally, many of the Fascisti leaders find their hopes badly dashed by this experience, and are sadly puzzled by the turn events are taking.

At the same time, the Fascisti are meeting another unexpected difficulty. It is a problem of survival. Will the interests that have been lavishing money to enroll, equip, and mobilize an army that now numbers in the hundred thousands, and costs several millions a day to maintain, consent to continue their subscriptions when they discover that this army is not accomplishing the objects they have in view?

Still another difficulty presents itself, inherent in the very movement,

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and one that prevents its ever becoming a great and enduring political force. The Fascisti differ from other parties in being weakened by a great excess of numbers. They recruit their followers by promising them the satisfaction of all their demands and desires, the recognition of all their rights. Consequently, there is a conflict of desires, demands, and rights within their own ranks — a conflict that may be kept under control for the time being, under the pressure of some greater purpose, but that breaks out violently whenever, as at Ferrara, they have acquired an undisputed victory over their opponents.

Therefore, the Fascisti face a crisis at the moment of their maximum expansion, and the consciousness of this crisis stirs them to seek new conquests. They are preparing to invade South Italy, and have made plans to seize power there that betray an utter absence of purpose and programme. They accuse the other parties of exploiting and impoverishing South Italy for their private advantage, and of using Camorrists to maintain themselves in office. But they do not propose a single positive measure to restore the prosperity of the South, and to bring about better and closer relations between the South and the North.

We have every reason to anticipate that the Fascisti invasion of South Italy will result in an increase of armed violence and a recrudescence of ancient feuds and vendettas. Either they will reconcile themselves with the camarillas that already run that part of the country, and leave untouched the parasitic incrustations that so unhappily characterize public life there, or they will champion the cause of minority groups now aspiring to get the upper hand, so that office-holders may change but no change of system will occur. Or possibly they will discover that a greater number of converts and proselytes can be won by allying themselves with the working classes, and adopting the precedents of syndicalist propaganda; in which case they will encounter all the obstacles that the industrial backwardness of South Italy presents.

THE DARDANELLES PROBLEM

BY VICE-ADMIRAL HOLLWEG

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, September* 27, 28
(Berlin Stinnes Daily)

The question of the Dardanelles, which has again become acute, is a very old one. It involves several elements: general control over the Black Sea and the Straits — the Bosporus and the Dardanelles; what Powers may keep war vessels there; whether naval vessels are to have access both in peace and war, or only in times of peace; and what limitations, if any, are to be placed upon the privileges of merchant ships in the Black Sea.

When Peter the Great first raised the question of Russia's right of navigation upon the Black Sea and through the Straits, immediately after he had made himself master of the Sea of Azof in 1699, Turkey took a position that had

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not previously been disputed: that navigation on the Black Sea was, as Mavrokordato, the Sultan's secretary, said, 'an inviolate and sacred possession' of the Sublime Porte. But Turkey was already a decadent Power, and could offer no effective resistance to Russia's aggressive and growing maritime ambition. She had to grant Russia free navigation of the Black Sea and passage for her naval vessels through the Straits.

Therefore, the question of the Straits was originally a question between Russia and Turkey alone. The sea Powers of Western Europe were fully occupied with other things. England was then in the midst of her great struggle with Holland and France for the suzerainty of the seas.

However, the concessions extorted by Peter the Great were not permanent. At the peace of Belgrade, in 1739, Russia was again forced to concede Turkey exclusive rights of navigation on the Black Sea. Russia was forbidden to build any naval vessels; and the Dardanelles problem assumed a phase utterly prejudicial to that country.

But this condition, likewise, was of brief duration. In 1774 Catherine II, by the treaty of Kutchuk-Kainardji, secured full rights of navigation for Russian vessels on the Black Sea and through the Straits. When Bonaparte invaded Egypt in 1798, Turkey and Russia formed an alliance to resist French aggression, and Russian naval vessels passed through the Dardanelles. As a result, the Republic of Seven Ionian Islands, set up by France, fell under Russo-Turkish control. This treaty of alliance was amplified in 1805 by an agreement providing that no armed vessels of any Power except Turkey and Russia should be permitted to enter the Black Sea. Russia thus secured an important point to her advantage.

A little later, however, Napoleon and Tsar Alexander showed signs of becoming friends, and England took a hand in the Near Eastern situation. She concluded a treaty with Turkey, designed to deprive Russia of her exceptional position in the Black Sea. On the other hand, Great Britain agreed that no naval vessel of any other Power, even of England, should enter the Dardanelles. By thus intervening in the question of the Straits, England converted it from a Russo-Turkish issue to a European issue.

In 1833 Russia compelled Turkey to sign the treaty of Hunkjar-Skalessi, which practically made the latter country a Russian protectorate. Russian naval vessels were permitted free passage through the Straits, and English vessels were absolutely excluded from those waters. Palmerston protested; and this Russian success was of short duration. France took alarm and supported England. Russia had to submit the matter to an international conference, and to recognize that the question of the Straits was a European issue.

At this time diplomatic negotiations wavered between two solutions: completely closing the Straits to naval vessels, or leaving them completely open, with equal rights for all nations.

Then followed the two London conferences of 1840 and 1841, the purpose of which was to deprive Russia for all time to come of a privileged position, and to make weakened Turkey merely a helpless doorkeeper of the Straits under the pretense of protecting her. The wording of the treaty was so ambiguous that England could, by arbitrary interpretation, twist it in her favor, so as to permit the English fleet to pass through the Dardanelles in case of emergency. During the Crimean War, English and French squadrons penetrated the Black Sea in defiance of the London Convention. But the results showed how limited the effectiveness of sea power is

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against a continental colossus like Russia.

The Paris Treaty, ending the Crimean War, expressly declared that the preservation of the Turkish Empire was demanded by the common interests of Europe. Turkey readily accepted Europe's tutelage because she feared Russia. The Black Sea was neutralized, and no naval vessels were to be allowed upon its waters. All Russian arsenals and shipyards were to be destroyed. Thereby Russia's sea power and her whole Black Sea policy suffered a violent check. Lord Palmerston himself recognized that such a situation could not be permanent.

Several years later, in 1863, Tsar Alexander II said, 'My signing the Paris Treaty was cowardly. I shall never repeat that cowardly act.'

The situation of Europe in 1870 gave the watchful Government of Russia the opportunity for which it was waiting. Prince Gorchakov dispatched a circular letter to all the Powers, stating that Russia's interests compelled her to denounce the Paris Treaty. The result was a threat of war from England; but, as Bismarck predicted, the hostilities were confined to 'a paper bombardment.' The German ambassador in London wrote to Berlin, 'This demonstrates again how utterly helpless England is when she does not have the support of a continental Power.' Bismarck, who had no direct interest in the Dardanelles but was anxious to promote good relations between Germany and Russia, used all his subtle diplomatic art to support Russia's case at the Conference — a service for which he never received due thanks. It is not without interest that the United States at that time tendered its support to Russia against England, whose conduct during the Civil War a few years before had left a rankling sore in the hearts of the American people.

We have no space to discuss here the details of the London Conference. Turkey refused to open the Straits unconditionally to international commerce. A proposal, first made by Austria in 1841, to erect an international naval base in the Black Sea, was quite properly rejected by Russia as something she could not discuss. The result of this Conference was to annul the neutralization of the Black Sea, and to revoke the prohibition imposed upon Russia against building naval vessels there. But the Straits were still to be closed against naval vessels, with certain qualifications in favor of Great Britain.

In the treaty of San Stefano, after the Russo-Turkish war of 1878, Russia tried to secure certain special privileges by a secret codicil to that document. England protested and ordered her navy to the Dardanelles. The Berlin Congress followed. Bismarck again supported Russia; but he was not able to prevent the Dardanelles question from being treated as a European problem.

All the treaties applying to the Straits were so drafted as to be capable of several interpretations. Their common purpose, however, was to enforce England's desire to keep the Russian navy out of the Mediterranean, and thus to limit the Russian fleet to modest proportions. In order to attain this object, England was willing to renounce her right to conduct naval operations in the Black Sea. The weakness of Turkey, which the Great Powers perpetuated for political reasons, was utilized to the utmost. The Sublime Porte moved helplessly from one to another corner of the eternal triangle in which it was imprisoned. Nicholas II renewed the effort to settle the question once for all by an offensive and defensive alliance with Turkey that would have been a natural solution — consulting the interests of both the countries most con-

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cerned — if it had not involved an explicit intention on the part of one of these two Governments to bring duress upon the other. We know that the Russian ambassador Charykov in 1912 made another attempt — though more or less on his own responsibility — to achieve this object; but he was speedily recalled from his post at England's instigation.

The efforts of Ambassador von Wangenheim to come to an agreement with the Russian ambassador in 1914 — the full details of which have not been made public, though they were known to Turkey — had a similar object. Then came the war to wipe the whole slate clean again.

Had the World War resulted in favor of the Central Powers and Turkey, the problem of the Straits would have been settled in the interest of the latter country. Were Turkey a powerful and independent State, there would be no such question. Some agreement with Russia was in the air, and would have come automatically. Germany was deeply interested in bringing that about, and during the war repeatedly impressed this desire upon Turkish statesmen. When the Anglo-French attack upon Gallipoli was repulsed in 1915, and again in 1917, the prospect of such a solution seemed promising. But fate dictated otherwise.

Since then, the whole political situation in the Near East has completely changed, and the problem has assumed a new form. In place of Tsarist Russia, coveting Constantinople and intent upon subjugating Turkey, we have to-day a group of Black Sea republics, whose political and economic interests agree with those of Turkey. Turkey — flushed with her recent victory — and her almost deified statesman-commander, Kemal Pasha, have also behind them the mysterious and still unmeasured forces of the Pan-Islamic world, which is roused to a fury of fanaticism by the late victory over the Greeks. Chicherin stated this situation with perfect clarity not long ago, when he threatened a Pan-Asiatic movement, and declared — rightly enough for that matter — that Asia belongs to the Asiatics.

Thereby the Straits, and the Turks who occupy and guard them, cease to be merely an object of rivalry between the East and the West. Turkey can now appeal to the East to help her defend her rights against the West. At the Dardanelles a new world begins. The compulsion of the times — the ardent desire to be independent and to remain so — unites peoples for common action. The nations bordering on the Black Sea demand with justice that they shall decide who shall have rights of navigation upon that sea and through the Straits. Kemal Pasha, and France, and the Russians, are all interested in preventing the Dardanelles from becoming an English Gibraltar. That explains why Turkey can insist, with some prospect of success, upon the recovery of Thrace and Adrianople.

The Thracian compromise is already accepted before the coming Near Eastern Conference. Navigation on the Black Sea and freedom of the Straits are deferred issues. Kemal Pasha will appeal, with ample justification, to the precedent of the Panama Canal, sealed at each entrance by formidable armored fortifications, and to the absolute control that Great Britain exercised over the Suez Canal during the late war. The whole problem of internationalizing interoceanic straits and waterways has become one of expediency, to be decided by world-wide economic interests and not by the selfish imperialist interests of any sea Power.

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A STATE TRIAL IN GERMANY

BY STEPHEN GROSSMAN

[*Germany followed with intense interest the trial of the Rathenau conspirators. It will be recalled that the actual murderers committed suicide to escape capture. During the trial Günther was seriously poisoned, and other defendants suffered milder ill effects from eating poisoned candy sent Günther from Berlin. Presumably the purpose of the poisoners was to prevent Günther from turning State's evidence against 'Organization C.' Ernst Techow, who drove the murder car, was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. He escaped a death sentence by pleading his fear that the murderer, Kern, would shoot him if he refused his help. A letter from Dr. Rathenau's mother, asking mercy for Techow, may also have influenced the Court. The younger brother, who is seventeen years old, was sentenced to four years' imprisonment; Günther was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude; and other defendants to shorter terms of imprisonment.*]

From *Neue Freie Presse, October 6*
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

WHAT is the visitor's first impression when he enters the dark paneled courtroom of the Commonwealth Palace of Justice? The two pictures of the Kaiser, more than life-size, upon the wall? No, we are too accustomed to seeing pictures of the Kaiser in the courtrooms of the German Republic, though it does seem absurd to find them looking down upon a tribunal entrusted with the defense of the Republic. The most striking thing that catches the eye of the visitor is a white wall-chart, on which is drawn a plan of the streets in the suburb of Grünewald where Rathenau resided and was murdered. There is Königsallee, down which Rathenau's auto was passing; there is the spot marked in red where the murderers awaited their victim; there is the road by which they escaped. So your first impression is not of a great State trial, but rather of a sensational murder case — 'The murder in Königsallee.'

But the first act of the President of the Court is to swear in solemnly the duly appointed Assessors of the Senate; whereupon these gentlemen, Messrs. Fehrenbach, Hartmann, Jäckel, and Müller, — in ordinary black sack-coats, — take their places next to the Councilors of the Court, who wear scarlet robes of office. Would these political assessors be here if this were an ordinary criminal trial? The regular judges would have handled alone a mere 'murder in Königsallee'; and presumably, since a murderer taken in the act is universally abhorred, they would have had no trouble in deciding the case on its merits, and inflicting a proper punishment. This unusual display of judicial machinery, and detailing of prominent public men as assessors, means that we are really witnessing a great State trial. The question at issue is not whether the misguided boys who committed murder were morally and legally guilty. The Republicans of Germany want to drag from its obscure hiding place a subterranean conspiracy, and to discover the dark instigators of this murder.

So the trial that is beginning is to be entitled, not 'the murder in Königsallee,' but 'the activities of Organization C.' And let me say at once that, if first impressions count for anything, the hope of unraveling this network of conspiracy, and of dragging its plot-

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ters into the light of day, will not be realized.

Of the defendants only two, Captain-Lieutenant Tillessen — the brother of the man who murdered Erzberger — and Mr. Günther, are interesting to the political psychologist. Günther claims to be a lieutenant who served in Turkey. The youthful appearance of the two Techows and their associates would make a juvenile court seem the right place for them. Even before this high tribunal the six or seven accused lads conduct themselves like schoolboys. They have dressed up for the occasion. Their hair is brushed smooth and shiny. They have on their Sunday clothes. The only reason they are not newly shaven is that most of them are not old enough to shave.

They sit down and stand about before the proceedings begin, joking and chatting; bow courteously when a new defendant arrives; shake hands with their friends; and have the free and easy, harmless manner of young students waiting for a dancing lesson. In front of each are a package of sandwiches and a cake of chocolate. The bright paper in which these are wrapped has caught their attention, and evidently pleases them. They survey the spectators with curiosity. Not a shadow of care clouds their smooth, chubby countenances. If a person did not know they were under indictment for murder and as accomplices to a murder, he might suppose they had been arrested for some boyish prank.

When the chairman summons the boys, they step up in front of the judge's desk, one by one, unembarrassed, polite, without the slightest trace of concern. They answer unhesitatingly, their voices do not tremble, they seem to feel no remorse for their acts and no fear for the consequences. They all look younger than they are — especially the older of the Techow boys, who drove the automobile from which Rathenau was shot. He looks remarkably young for his age. There is something abnormally youthful also in the unconcern of these young folks. They seem to have no conception of their situation.

I overhear one of the attorneys for the defense asking an elderly gentleman: 'Don't they appeal to one's sympathies — they answer so frankly and honestly?' Certainly they show no feeling of responsibility. It is quite in keeping with their whole attitude that the younger Techow boy went to play tennis immediately after the murder, while the elder one calmly made some necessary repairs on his automobile.

Two of the defendants, however, no longer belong to the juvenile class. A glance at Mr. Tillessen, who is a captain-lieutenant and the son of a general, shows that he is a man fully responsible for his acts. His thin face and sharp shifty eyes, at once put a stranger on his guard. Tillessen's name is associated with three assassinations or attempted assassinations — his brother killed Erzberger, and he was implicated in the assault upon Scheidemann; and when you study him here, surrounded by the boyish countenances of his companions, and observe his searching, alert, calculating features, you realize at once that he is probably the brains of the conspiracy that removed Rathenau.

The second adult criminal is Mr. Günther. He is a little plump man with immense spectacles and a chubby face. Like Tillessen he has a presentiment that the situation may be serious, but affects placid indifference. He has just had to face the exposure of the fact that during the war he was convicted of desertion: and he even refused to get excited over that. Next it was proved that he had joined the Officers' Union without having been an officer.

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When he was asked whether he really had worn Turkish decorations to which he was not entitled, he answered, without embarrassment, 'Yes, occasionally.'

The attorneys for the defense, who are trying to create the impression that they are official defenders of the German Nationalist People's Party, do their best to rid themselves of responsibility for Günther; but that does not disturb his equanimity. He merely testifies, without laying special emphasis on the fact, that he holds a regular card of membership in the German Nationalist People's Party.

The Techow boys have been members of four or five reactionary secret societies. The only time the younger brother shows embarrassment is when evidence is produced to show that he was expelled from Organization C. because he had violated its pledge of secrecy. We receive the impression that these young boys were merely carried away by a craze for agitation, which they were unable to resist because they had no real grounding in politics and public affairs. Indeed the trial makes any dispassionate observer give serious thought to the political education of our youth. Where did the Techow boys learn the A B C of their political creed? Who were their political teachers? Desperate and discredited officers, and adventurers who either were unable to obtain army commissions, or had been expelled from the Officers' Corps. They were captured and captivated by these intriguers, through what seemed to them romantic secret societies, confidential café conversations, and pamphlet propaganda; but they were never taught to think lucidly and logically about public questions.

Some kind of political guardianship should be established over these drifting and rudderless youngsters. There are thousands of other suggestible and credulous lads like these Techow boys. Happily most of them are not morally callous, character-stunted tennis-players. But even these boys have qualities that would have made them politically useful to their country, had they been rightly directed. They served in the war — or at least as volunteers immediately after the war. Their boyish thirst for adventure was played upon to their own undoing. How should they have been guided? What kind of political education should they have received? I am inclined to think that this is the most urgent pedagogical question that faces Germany.

In the course of the trial an uncle of the two Techow lads — a manufacturer residing on his country estate near Frankfort on the Oder — gave testimony that illustrates vividly some of the conditions under which young Germans are drafted into such criminal enterprises. For the sake of brevity the questions addressed directly by the Court to the witnesses are omitted:—

'The Techow family is comfortably well off. Ernst Werner Techow, the elder of the boys, served as a volunteer during part of the war, and later was a cadet in the navy. Subsequently he belonged to several Free Corps and participated in the suppression of revolts at Munich, Berlin, and Bremen. During this period he was wholly under the influence of the Free Corps leaders; great respect for military discipline and for his military superiors was drilled into him. He admired his commanders, particularly Erhard. He was filled with patriotic concern lest Germany fall into the same chaos as Russia. When the Free Corps were disbanded he studied mechanical engineering, and showed such diligence and intelligence that at the end of four semesters he was ready for his preliminary examinations. Unfortunately he was obliged by the

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Government regulations to wait two years before taking these. As a result he was left idle and fell into evil ways.

'It was during this period that Günther acquired his influence over the two Techow boys. The efforts of their father — who had no high opinion of the idle and dissipated Günther — to keep the sons away from his evil influence proved fruitless.

'Ernst was a frank, honest fellow, and had a host of friends; my wife and I were exceedingly fond of him. As we have no children, I intended to bequeath him a business. I am utterly unable to understand how a person of his gentle disposition was persuaded to take part in such a horrible deed as Rathenau's murder. He never talked politics with me. I think he has no real political convictions. Only once, when Rathenau was first appointed to the Cabinet, he remarked to me: "Uncle, are Jews already allowed in the Cabinet?" I explained to him that Rathenau, whom I knew both in a business way and socially, was a very able man and that he would render invaluable service for Germany as Minister of Reparations.

'At the time of Rathenau's assassination I was in Berlin with my wife. I was fearfully shocked by that horrible deed. A few days later we returned home and were astonished to find my nephew, Ernst Werner Techow, at the railway station. However, he often visited us unannounced. At supper I mentioned the horrible tragedy and he replied: "Uncle, people may have different opinions." I answered: "Never make such a stupid remark to me again. Every respectable and intelligent citizen must wish to see the criminal shot down the way Rathenau was — most unhappily."

'I noticed that my nephew was obviously angered at my remark; his whole manner changed; he hardly spoke the rest of the evening. When we retired I said to my friend, "I can't get rid of the idea that Ernst Werner is mixed up in that thing."

'The following morning at about half past eight the newspapers arrived, and to my horror I discovered the names of both the Techows mentioned as accessories. I hurried off at once with my newspaper to the house where my nephew was still asleep. I thought over what I was to do. I got my revolver and intended to give it to my nephew, telling him, "Go out into the woods and kill yourself. In an hour I will have them go for you. That is the only way you can wipe out the disgrace to our family."

'Gentlemen of the Court, my father was an intimate friend of the older Rathenau. I myself was acquainted with Walther Rathenau. I was fearfully wrought up at the thought that one of my nephews had participated in the murder.

'I went into the bedroom and showed Ernst Werner the paper. He became as white as chalk — said nothing for a moment, and then stammered, "Uncle, believe me, I am no murderer. I drove the automobile, but I did not know it was Rathenau's automobile we were chasing." I said to him: "None of that humbug — who is going to believe that? Tell me, instead, who put you up to this frightful idea?"

'He would not answer. I had him get up at once and took him to my office. I demanded that he name the people who had got him into the plot, for I did not believe he was capable of such a thing on his own initiative. My nephew kept saying, "Uncle, I cannot tell you; I am pledged not to; but I assure you again, I did not know it was Rathenau's automobile. The whole scheme was crazy. Our automobile was not in good order. We had not even removed our license-number. I had got

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the auto in Dresden, supposing we were to use it to liberate some prisoners."

'I did not believe him yet; I searched his pockets. I found only his photograph, his membership card in the National Union, and eight or nine hundred marks. When I asked him whether his accomplices had not given him money or a passport, he said, "No, they let me go the thing alone."

'That convinced me that my nephew knew Rathenau was to be murdered, but that he had been tricked into the thing like a lamb led to the slaughter. He had neither money nor a passport, and was so utterly guileless as to come to me on my estate, although he must have known that the criminal police — who already had his name — would at once hunt for him there, since I was his nearest relative.

'I promptly locked my nephew up. I did not give him the revolver, because I did not want to be responsible for his death. After a bitter struggle in my own heart, I decided to notify the police. I did not believe that Ernst Werner had intentionally taken part in a murder, but I must remove all suspicion from my family. The lad had been at my place for a whole day before I returned from Berlin. My employés knew him and had talked with him. They were all aware that the murderer was at my home. More than that, I lived in an industrial district; and I felt that if my nephew were not arrested, the workingmen would massacre him the way they massacred the officer at Schöneberg, after the Kapp revolt. So I notified the police, who arrested him. . . .

'Later I received a great number of insulting and threatening anonymous letters. They bore such signatures as "an honest German woman" or "a brave German Nationalist." Those letters made no impression on me, but I want to take the occasion to state publicly that a great many people in Germany are moral degenerates, or they would not write such letters. . . .'

A NEW CHINA POLICY IN JAPAN

BY JOHN HART

From the *Weekly Review of the Far East, September* 16
(SHANGHAI AMERICAN WEEKLY)

JAPANESE press opinion does not carry the same weight as in the United States or England, but at the same time it is about eighty per cent correct as an index of what people of Japan are thinking and of what they want. A glance through the editorials of a week as they appear in the Tokyo and Osaka press daily papers and monthly magazines shows that the old Japanese policy in China as represented by the Twenty-One Demands is not popular. Instead, there is the feeling that Tokyo must reverse her policy, that 'honesty is the best policy.'

I do not mean to say for a moment that Japan has turned honest as regards China. It is asking the impossible to demand that, in a nation where the conception of international and

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business honesty as known in the West has not been born, these two virtues should spring into being overnight, that the Pacific Conference or any other institution should serve as the dawn which causes the lotus to burst into full bloom, revealing the Child Buddha in the heart of the Flower of Perfection.

I do mean to say that in newspaper circles, and to a lesser extent in political party circles, and to a still lesser extent in official governmental circles, there has been born the conviction that 'honesty is the best policy.' For this reason the bulk of the Japanese press is urging Japan to pursue an honest policy in China, not necessarily because the editorial writers and newspaper proprietors are honest as regards China, but because they believe this policy will net them a great profit over a period of years.

Perhaps the most striking recent example of this attitude comes not in the form of an editorial but in the form of an interview given by Dr. Tokuzo Fukuda of Keio University, who has just returned to Japan after a three months' tour of Manchuria and Korea.

He is quoted as saying:—

> Japan is not likely to make a blunder in Manchuria, or to incur the world's suspicion regarding territorial expansion, if she always remembers that Manchuria is purely Chinese soil. One of the greatest illusions which this nation has seemed to possess is that Manchuria belongs to her. Korea is under the Japanese flag, but every inch of Manchuria is Chinese soil. Japan must return to China the Kwangtung Leased Territory when the terms of the lease have expired.

It is a rather frank statement for a Japanese to say that his countrymen assume the attitude that Manchuria belongs to them. He has not sounded his warning for foreign consumption, but for his own people at home. It is always necessary to draw a distinction when a Japanese speaks with the idea that the world is listening to him.

It is easy to confirm Dr. Fukuda's contention. A few days ago, in discussing the forthcoming conference between Moscow and Japan, I asked a Japanese of high standing whether he believed the conference might be held in Peking. 'No,' he answered, 'that is Chinese soil.' He did believe, however, that it might be held in Mukden or Harbin. 'But is n't that just as much Chinese soil as Peking?' I asked. 'No,' he said slowly, 'not just as much.'

When Chang Tso-lin last May issued his declaration of the independence of the Three Eastern Provinces that go to make up Manchuria, I happened to be in Tokyo. I did not expect the Foreign Office there to recognize or condone General Chang in any way, but I did expect a popular outburst on the part of the press — an outburst supporting the Mukden dictator, for Japan holds the belief that Chang is pro-Japanese. Past experience led me to believe that this would happen. But it did not. Instead, there was an almost universal condemnation of Chang's action as a further step in the dissolution of the Republic.

When the *Japan Advertiser*, an American owned and edited newspaper in Tokyo, published an editorial containing the statement, 'No Power would welcome an independent Manchuria, although there may be one Government which would welcome a Manchuria independent of China,' and referred to earlier Japanese policy in Manchuria and Mongolia, the *Yomiuri* of Tokyo replied:—

> Sundry surmises hazarded by foreigners in connection with the relations between Japan and Chang Tso-lin are not out of place. Monday's *Japan Advertiser* printed a remarkably disadvantageous leader to Japan in connection with the independence of Chang Tso-lin. Looking back in retro-

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spect upon Japan's assistance to Papchap, the Mongol chief who rose against Yuan Shih-kai's monarchy scheme, her help of Ungern in his invasion of Kulun, the assistance she rendered to the anti-Bolsheviki in the Siberian Maritime Province, foreigners may well think that Japan will render similar support to Chang Tso-lin.

This support which the Japanese military clique gave always ended fruitlessly and, if Chang counts upon Japan, he has made a serious error.

We have had enough of schemes laid by the military clique. The Government must recall at once the military advisers at the Tuchun's Yamen in Mukden, and at the same time order the deposed Premier Liang Shih-yi to quit Japan at an early date.

The advisers have not been withdrawn, and Liang Shih-yi is still at a little coastal summer-resort near the city of Kobe. But the point here is that the press of Japan, and to a large extent the public, are not backing up the Government in such actions.

It is true that neither the press nor public opinion control in Japan, but it is also true that their influence and power are steadily growing. Party politics and party government are gaining ground rapidly in Japan. Party government can never control Japan until the Constitution of the Empire shall have been so revised that political parties can gain control of the House of Peers or that the House of Peers shall have been shorn of its present power.

Nevertheless, in a country where the 'ricksha-puller' reads a morning paper while waiting for a customer, and where some of the great daily journals have a circulation of more than a half-million, the press cannot be as easily dismissed from any situation as it can in China. Public opinion and the press are two elements which must be taken into consideration in painting the whole picture, and the press of Japan is to-day in favor of an honest policy in China, an honest policy which it is hoped by the Japanese will gain for them the same goal that was the object of the earlier policy.

FOREWORD

BY A. E. HOUSMAN

[*Last Poems*]

WE'LL to the woods no more,
The laurels all are cut,
The bowers are bare of bay
That once the Muses wore;
The year draws in the day
And soon will evening shut:
The laurels all are cut,
We'll to the woods no more.
Oh, we'll no more, no more
To the leafy woods away,
To the high wild woods of laurel
And the bowers of bay no more.

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THE DOWNFALL OF THE MARK

BY PROFESSOR GUSTAF CASSEL

[The writer of this article is a professor of political economy at Stockholm University, and author of several important studies upon the effects of inflation and currency depreciation in Europe since the war.]

From the *Daily Telegraph, September* 19
(INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

THE latest catastrophe of the German mark has given fresh life to the discussion on the causes of the continual deterioration of the German currency and its international value. On the side of the Allies there is naturally a great reluctance to recognize any connection between this movement and their own treatment of Germany, and particularly the excessive burden of the Reparations claims. Therefore all endeavors have been made to find other explanations.

There is a very simple explanation, which can be characterized as mainly French, that the fall of the German mark is only the result of German machinations to escape from the necessity of paying an indemnity. Then there is the explanation, more generally supported in England, that the destruction of the German mark has been brought about by the unwise financial policy of Germany, and could be stopped if greater wisdom prevailed. It is also thought that such wisdom could be pressed upon the German Government by a committee of control representing the higher financial insight of the Allies.

Obviously under present circumstances it is of the greatest importance that the real causes of the depreciation of the German mark should be made absolutely clear to the general public as well as to those in charge of the world's politics. It is, then, useful to note that the latest phases of the downward movement of the German mark have a character somewhat different from the normal depreciation caused directly by inflation.

Generally a considerable and continual fall in the external value of a currency is a sign of a process of inflation going on within the country, and such inflation must always be recognized as the fundamental cause of a deterioration of exchanges. However, experience has taught us that an undervaluation of a depreciated currency may take place. Recent events have shown that the international value of a currency may suddenly and for a short time go down even to a fraction of the internal value of the same currency as measured by its purchasing power within the country. It is now also clear that this undervaluation may have an influence on the internal value of the currency.

The latest precipitate fall in the international value of the German mark caused immediately a rise of prices within Germany, first of course affecting imported goods and the products manufactured by aid of imported materials, and then spreading even to other classes of goods and to wages. The high-price level thus brought about required an increased supply of means of payment. As this need was not immediately satisfied, a great scarcity of

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means of payment began to show itself and caused considerable embarrassment for the trading community.

The Reichsbank, being unable to supply notes in sufficient amounts, had to limit the sums paid out daily to its customers. A great publishing firm in Berlin, having one day to pay 3,000,000 marks to their employees, applied for that sum, but could only get 80,000 marks. Such conditions threatened to bring the whole trading machinery to a standstill. In order to avoid this the Reichsbank tried to develop its note-producing capacity, and by and by succeeded in bringing its daily production up to some billions. In fact, the last August week showed an increase of the note circulation by about 23,000,000,000! Still this increase proved insufficient for the needs.

This experience seems to turn upside down the whole normal connection between cause and effect in the process of inflation. Normally the creation of fresh purchasing power is the cause, and the rise of prices is the effect. It may be said, of course, that no rise of internal prices could have taken place if the Reichsbank had refused to issue any more notes. The scarcity of notes would in the long run have forced prices down again. But this adjustment would have taken a considerable time and caused an immense disturbance, involving great danger in the present situation of continually threatening social unrest.

If, on this ground, the responsibility for the rise of prices is attributed to the rise of the foreign exchanges, the question remains: How was it possible that the foreign exchanges could rise in value so enormously? Normally the limited supply of German marks would have prevented the market from paying unlimited sums in marks for foreign currencies, and the very scarcity of the means of payment in marks would have kept up the German currency in its international valuation.

The explanation is that a huge amount of marks has been accumulated in foreign possession. The billions of German marks held abroad form a continual threat to the stability of the German exchange. By throwing them on the market the foreign possessors may at any moment cause the market to collapse.

That is what took place in the latter part of August. The extremely bad political outlook caused possessors of German marks the whole world over to try to get rid of them at any price. In this way that abundance of marks was supplied which was a necessary condition for the rise of the foreign exchanges. So long as such a reserve of German marks exists abroad, there is no possibility for Germany to maintain the scarcity of German marks required for the stability of the value of that currency.

The forward selling of marks, which is practised on a great scale at the leading exchanges of the world, may at such a moment of panic temporarily increase the supply beyond all limits. When the 'Agreement to Disagree' became known, the flight from the mark became acute. Marks for forward delivery were offered at a very large discount, amounting on certain days to as much as 500 marks per month over the current spot quotation. The lowest rate for July was 1700 marks for the pound, the highest for August was 11,000.

It is now necessary to go more deeply into the matter and answer the question: What is the ultimate cause of this frightful deterioration of the German mark? The explanation, mostly given in Germany, that the bad state of the exchange is only the result of the adverse balance of trade, is absolutely insufficient. It has also had a very bad effect on German economic thought

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by leaving out the whole process of internal inflation and thus letting the people overlook the extreme hurtfulness of this procedure.

An adverse balance can never be an ultimate explanation, for the deficit must be paid somehow, and, if it cannot be paid, the country will no longer be able to buy so much from abroad and the deficit must disappear. In the case of Germany, the deficit has been paid by the continual selling of German marks abroad. At every particular moment this device has seemed to be the simplest way out of the pressing difficulties. But the result has been the accumulation of the floating possession of German marks abroad which, as we have seen, continually threatens the market and makes every stabilization of the German exchanges and even of the internal value of the mark impossible.

At the root of the German exchange problem lies therefore the question: What has forced Germany to this most extraordinary and most unsound device of exporting her currency? There are two main causes: (1) Germany has not been able, after the war, as she was before, to pay for her necessary imports by her exports, she being particularly obliged to pay huge amounts for covering her increased need of food supplies from abroad. (2) She has had to make payments to the Allies on Reparations and several other accounts. In reality there was never anything to pay with. Thus there was no other way open than to sell marks abroad, and materially the German payments have been made by the buyers of these marks all over the world.

This very unsound development is due partly to that treatment of Germany by which she has been deprived of resources necessary for her balance of payments, particularly coal- and food-producing areas, and partly to the claims of Reparations and other payments, to cover which there were, under such circumstances, no means left.

Experience has now to the fullest evidence shown the complete hopelessness of a policy that has been directed by leaders unable to make up their minds as to whether they wanted to crush Germany or to get payments out of her. The quotations of the German mark form the verdict of the market on this policy, and from this verdict no escape seems possible. The latest debacle of the mark should be taken as a sign that the world's markets have lost confidence in the mark and refuse any longer to support Germany, and indirectly the Allied Governments, by buying German marks. Once this traffic is definitely stopped, there will be no way open for financing Germany or her payments to the Allies, and the ultimate catastrophe is unavoidable.

It is certainly very desirable that the inflation of the German currency should come to an end, and that for this purpose the German Budget should be balanced. But the conditions which must be fulfilled, in order to bring this aim within the limits of the actual possibilities, require an attention which is much more prepared to face disagreeable facts than the discussions between the Allies have been hitherto. Formal rules and advices will not solve the problem, even if sound in themselves.

A stopping of German inflation will naturally be of great advantage for the rest of the world, so far as it will help Germany to restore her economic life on a sound basis. But the ceasing of German inflation will never make payments possible for which there are no resources left. It is often said that the German inflation has directly hindered the payments of Reparations. This is hardly true. From certain points of view the inflation may even be said to have made the payments easier for Germany. The inflation has practically

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cancelled Germany's internal debt, which must be an advantage for the service of her external debts.

Inflation has not, as is often believed, encouraged German imports, and thereby adversely influenced her balance of trade. As a matter of fact, the German inflation has for many years been accompanied by an international undervaluation of the mark, which must have hampered, to a considerable degree, imports into Germany. At the same time, this undervaluation has been a bonus for the German exporters, and thus has enabled Germany to sell more products abroad. This is, of course, a great disadvantage for international trade, which has thereby been disturbed in a most annoying way. But undoubtedly German payments to the Allies have thereby been made possible to a greater extent than otherwise would have been the case.

The ceasing of German inflation would, therefore, not open the gates for an early solution of the Reparations question. The latter problem is not in its essence a monetary problem. Indeed, people would judge more clearly on it if they could accustom themselves to think of it in terms of commodities.

But the restoration of a stable currency in the most important country of Central Europe is, quite apart from every connection with Reparations, a common interest of the world. It is time that the most strenuous efforts should be given to this task. If this is not done now, we must fear that the latest collapse of the exchanges will denote the final downfall of the German mark.

IN A CHINESE CURIO SHOP

BY F. C. VON KUCZYNSKA

From *Neue Freie Presse, October* 4
(Vienna Liberal Daily)

The people of the Orient have a genius for commerce. Many merchants and traders there are artists in their profession, and derive a refined pleasure from its practice. Some invest their fortunes in rare objects of art, and both gratify and employ æsthetic talents of a very high order in this branch of trade.

While the European is a collector of foreign art, the Chinaman or the Japanese is a preserver of his native art. He can satisfy his tastes at home. Asia is not like America, whose breathless industry is devoted to a different kind of acquisition, who possesses no native art, and who therefore must buy her art ready-made from Europe.

Yes, Asia has an art — an art thousands of years old. Artistic structures, utensils, buildings, monuments, bronzes, pictures, porcelains, often dating from days anterior to her recorded history, testify to this. For centuries the Chinese and Japanese lived sufficient unto themselves, behind their Great Wall and in their daimio castles. Only gradually did their art works be-

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come known to Europe. The first porcelains arrived from Canton in the sixteenth century.

Your true Asiatic treasures his works of art whether he be a mandarin or a simple trafficker. He has a tender and admiring affection for them, and cherishes in them his ideals of beauty. He is endowed by nature with the artistic sense. He has a keen eye for color, good taste, and a wonderfully clever hand for shaping things.

A person who haunts the curiosity shops of Peking, Canton, Tokyo, and Yokohama, catches deep glimpses now and then into the secret depths of the Oriental soul. He finds people buying, haggling, bartering. Natives and foreigners alike are feverishly interested in collecting curios. Half of Asia lives from them. Every year the volume of this trade increases. The marvelous Ali Baba treasures of China and Japan captivate the imagination of the European. Only in these lands can he revel in such a wealth of shimmering silks, wrought gold and silver, and precious stones. In Western countries such treasures are hidden behind lock and key. In Asia they are exposed by the wayside and in open booths. A Chinese Crœsus will let a pearl fall from his jewel-embroidered mantle and leave it lying in the dust.

This curio fever has seized everyone — buyers, sellers, barterers, tricksters and tricked. Here is a young Chinese Foreign Office official, who hangs his gold-embroidered mantle on a peg and becomes a curio dealer; there is a German calico salesman, who by chance discovers an old treasure of little boxes and caskets and Tanagra-like idol statuettes, from the time of the Han dynasty. They show traces of Greek and Roman influence. He is now scouring China for treasures which the market of London and Paris eagerly absorbs.

Even high Chinese notables are so possessed by this wild collecting-mania, that they plunder ancient ancestral tombs in search of antique bronzes, prehistoric pottery, and sepulchral images. The common people are bribed to be quiet. Reverence for the dead runs in the blood of the Chinese peasant; he will have nothing to do with this violation of ancient tombs. The people who come at night to carry off old inscriptions and famous reliefs of the Wei and Han dynasties, from cliff tombs and burial mounds, are professional grave-robbers. Indeed, European collectors condemn such vandalism — unless they profit directly by it!

Chinese and Japanese, in their turn, learn much about Europeans in the course of the curio trade. John Chinaman, in particular, is a keen psychologist. He sizes up his customer as shrewdly as an expert hostler or jockey sizes up a racing horse, and estimates with great accuracy how much he can expect his customer to pay. He is quick to detect a stranger's tastes and habits. He notes at once the embarrassed blush of the timid purchaser, the uncertainty of the tyro, the secret calculations and hesitations of the man whose mind is not quite made up. He detects in a moment all the little tricks of the trade, the affected aplomb — and the customer who really knows his business.

Some curio peddlers visit the homes of Europeans to tender their goods at high prices, and then, grumbling, take half what they ask or even less; some will haggle with a buyer for an hour or more over a couple of cash. Others affect great mystery. They creep up to you in the dusk and offer marvelous Buddhas, whispering under pledge of the strictest secrecy that these have been stolen from some holy temple, and that they must sell them for a pit-

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tance lest they be detected with the goods in their possession. Still others invade your privacy with tempting offers just when they think you are in the most receptive mood — immediately after you have finished your after-dinner coffee and are stretched comfortably in a deck chair on your veranda, your idle gaze following the smoke rings of your cigarette.

Silently approaching, with a propitiating smile and bowing to the ground, one of these will hold in front of you a little vase of the purest and most noble form — 'a peach blossom.' He will gaze at it with sentimental adoration, murmuring, almost in a whisper, 'Beautiful, beautiful, genuine!' He sets it down in front of you and gives it time to work upon your feelings. Then, after a considerable period of silence, he will murmur suggestively, 'And not dear.' You offer him half of what he asks. He assumes an air of indignant insult and turns away. 'Impossible!' But with an obvious struggle he masters his feelings and makes a new proposal. In the end you capitulate — that is, you pay about half what he asks. But he has made an excellent bargain, nevertheless. He saw at once that you were a newcomer, a traveler, merely an opportunist collector.

With a customer who really knows his business he proceeds in quite a different manner. He shows him only the best he has, and asks the price the object is really worth. Again, his manner with women is quite different from that with men. He has not much opinion of the softer sex, and seeks to play upon their vanity and tendency to yield to persistent persuasion. The victims who pay him best are the daughters of wealthy Americans. At the Wagonlits Hotel in Peking, you meet these Chinese tempters at every corner. It is entertaining to watch these pretty daughters of the West in the hands of a shrewd curio dealer.

For instance, the prospective victim is a slender brunette. 'Just to see how it looks, only just to see how it looks,' the Chinaman murmurs with almost reverent respect, as he gently drops the embroidered cloak over her shoulders, choosing just the one that sets off best the rose-yellow porcelain tint of her complexion. He names an exorbitant price. 'Keep it, madam, just keep it until to-morrow.' He thinks to himself: A woman 's always a woman; if she has it overnight and it pleases her, she will not want to give it up again.

But these are the arts of petty traders — curio peddlers. Big dealers do not condescend to tout their wares from house to house. You have to hunt them up. They are dignified, corpulent gentlemen, who receive you with formality, more in the manner of a wealthy host than of a merchant. The customer is conscious of a subtle atmosphere of exotic comfort as soon as he enters the little cool courtyard around which the square single-story shop is built. It is so refreshing and quiet there.

An ancient stone basin of fresh water occupies the place where one might find a fountain in a Western courtyard. A fig tree, picturesquely knotty and deformed, is growing in one corner. At either end of the stone steps leading to the interior doorway stand dwarf cherry trees in full blossom. According to the season of the year there will be narcissi or chrysanthemums in bright-colored glazed-porcelain flowerpots. The whole place will be pervaded with a faint alluring scent of blossoms, which fill the whole building and courtyard with their almost imperceptible fragrance.

Although a single-story structure, the building has low ceilings. Its partitions and sliding doors are of elabo-

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rately carved wood. Its windows are of colored paper, bright and attractive as Chinese lanterns. In the warerooms stand high cupboards and chests, also of curiously carved wood. These are filled with costly silks and the owner's rarest treasures. There are also many red-lacquered chairs and tables, and beautiful screens. These apartments lie in a perpetual twilight, broken here and there by a little gleam of sunshine playing over the dark wood paneling and the bright-colored decorations.

If you are a stranger to the dealer, and do not bring a letter of introduction, he will study you a moment with a reserved look and request you to be seated. Then he will start a courteous conversation about the weather. Whereupon you will make some inquiry regarding his family, of which you may know nothing; but he is gratified to have you do so. A moment later he will serve you with a cup of tea, made of fresh, pale tea-leaves, which you will sip with every evidence of enjoyment. Meanwhile the proprietor's son, or brother, or mother will come in, and a friendly family atmosphere will be established.

So far, business has not been mentioned. Things are done deliberately and calmly in the house of a Chinaman. He knows no haste. He never betrays eagerness to make money, and nervous purchasers get on his nerves. A man who comes to him must have time — plenty of it. He thaws out slowly.

He keeps only good and beautiful things. He shows them to you hesitatingly, almost unwillingly, beginning with those that are worth the least. He has not an article for less than $100. Most of his wares cost $20,000 and over. Every object is packed in beautiful wooden and lacquered chests. His rarest things are behind glass and only half visible. You examine them with care and deliberation. Not a sound or a twitch of the eyelids must betray your impressions.

Gradually your host, for such you feel he is, will warm up, as an audience will to beautiful music. He will name a price. That is your test. If you say, '*Ti qui*' (Too dear), he will quietly put the thing back and never show it to you again. If you indicate that you consider it reasonable, he will gradually get around to showing you the best he has. He will never deceive you with an inferior or a defective object, as the petty traders do, who appeal to the ancient times of the Mings and the K'ien-lungs to impress you, although the object they tender is worthless and modern.

If you are patient and courteous your first-class dealer will eventually show you some wonderful casket of carved ivory, which he will unwrap as carefully as if it were a holy object from its yellow silk coverings. This may contain a hunting cup comparable with the best Florentine art, a piece of ivory tusk on which is carved a triumphal procession and battle scenes. In a diminutive space, head to head, shoulder to shoulder, sword to sword, are carved artistically two hundred perfect figures. 'Very fine,' he remarks laconically, with deep satisfaction.

Another time he shows you a little artistic antique red-lacquered casket in fine gold enamel, from the days of Khangi, containing a shining jade saucer, beautifully formed, with a suggestion of sorrow in its very design. It is called a 'tear basin,' for the 'tear pearls.' He next brings forth from his cupboards little carved caskets of rosewood and sandalwood, containing goblets and pitchers inlaid with mother-of-pearl, magnificent porcelains, and last of all a *Kwan yin*, or Buddhist goddess, of snow-white Fukien porcelain recalling the most beautiful della Robbias.

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While you absorb the delicate fragrance of the narcissi and the tea, you sink into a state of reverie. Romantic pictures of China's past hover before your vision: flower boats bearing quaintly garbed beauties; ladies borne through the still night in litters with suspended lanterns dancing from their canopies; a silent army of obedient servants; a wild gallop on a Mongolian pony to visit a jewel-eyed Buddha in a remote shrine or dimly hidden in a green-vaulted forest; the Forbidden City with its lotus pond and marble ship; pretty Chinese princesses laden with gold and silver trinkets strolling through fairy gardens in their heavy brocaded gowns; the pomp of the old imperial days and of the palace of Tse Hsie; 'the Pantheress,' who now sleeps in her beautiful temple sepulchre.

Yes, these are wonderful dreams that hover about you. Was there opium in the curio merchant's tea, or is there some mysterious narcotic in the odor of the flickering candles that light his shop?

One should never let himself be bluffed by a dealer in curios. An itinerant peddler once came to the French Embassy in Peking and offered to sell a connoisseur upon its staff a rare black vase from the golden age of Emperor K'ien-lung. The Frenchman doubted its genuineness, whereupon the Chinaman swore by the spirits of his ancestors that it was true. 'Ten thousand dollars, sir! My head upon it! If I lie, let it be smashed to pieces!' The Frenchman smiled and let the vase fall. It was shattered into a thousand fragments. The Chinaman broke out in wild lamentations. The Frenchman gave him three dollars. The dealer hurried off to his Guild and made a complaint. The Guild, with its inflexible Chinese honor, decided that the vase was an imitation.

Whenever I visit the house of a distinguished Chinaman I always notice how he dotes upon his art treasures. He takes perennial joy in them — in seeing them, not in merely showing them to others. He will keep them guarded as carefully as any dealer. He knows their value. Usually he has paid a better price for them than a European would. There are several periods of Chinese art in which we can discover European influence, especially in the time of Emperor K'ien-lung. Occidental influence in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries betrays itself in the ornaments and decorations upon art objects, and even occasionally in their form.

It is possible that Loyola's disciples brought these motifs to China. The curio shops are filled with articles from the Jesuit period. It is most amusing to find a lady painted in water colors in the Cantonese style, on glass or in enamel, with the insipid tender features of a lady of the court of Louis XIV, pressing an undersized lap-dog against her bosom, or dancing a pas de deux with her gallant on a much too green meadow under a yellow evening sky.

During the last thirty or forty years there has been a marked revival of interest among European art connoisseurs in the masterpieces of Chinese painting. We owe no small part of this interest to the artistic insight and unwearying researches of a lady. Some twelve or fourteen years ago, Mrs. Wegner returned to Europe with a marvelous collection of old Chinese rolled pictures, resembling Japanese kakemonos, which ultimately found its way to one of the great London museums.

In China, curios and 'squeeze' are closely associated. Squeeze plays a great rôle everywhere in the Celestial Empire, where it has become a highly organized art that governs every phase

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of public and private life. A sharp eye is kept upon the curio peddler who visits your home, to see that he pays his due percentage to your household servants. Alas for him if he tries to evade that obligation. And the servants keep equally keen watch on each other to secure an equitable division of the spoils. All your 'boys,' from the highest to the lowest, will notify you some fine day that they are to leave your service immediately, and will assign no reason for their sudden dissatisfaction. Little by little, however, you will worm out of them the fact that the house porter has committed the 'disgraceful' act of pocketing the full servants' percentage on a curio sale to some member of the family.

You will also find that a curio dealer who has been visiting your place for weeks suddenly vanishes and does not reappear. That usually means that he has been unable to agree with your servants as to the percentage they are to receive upon his sales within your portals.

You cannot cure the evil; your efforts to do so inevitably come to grief, defeated by the persistence, the immutable traditions, the secret resistance, of these yellow people.

CRISPI AND FRANCE

BY A. C. JEMOLO

[*The following extracts are from a forthcoming biography of Crispi, to be published by Vallecchi, at Florence. Between his first premiership in* 1887 *and his final retirement from ministerial office nine years later, Francesco Crispi was the leading figure in Italy's public life. His private conduct was repeatedly attacked, but his ability as a statesman was fully recognized. He belongs to the era when the relations between the Monarchy and the Vatican were still seriously strained, and relations with France were on a precarious basis. Shortly after Crispi's retirement, the growth of anticlericalism in France and the tactful approaches of the French ambassador at Rome greatly improved relations between the two countries.*]

From *La Stampa, September* 22
(TURIN GIOLITTI DAILY)

CRISPI has gone down into history as an enemy of France. That opinion was firmly implanted in the minds of contemporary Frenchmen and of Crispi's Democratic adversaries at home. His Nationalist defenders so regarded him, although since 1914 his political heirs have tried to minimize these aspects of his policy.

It would be difficult to show that Crispi's sentiment toward France was not definitely hostile; and it should be the labor of a biographer to show the causes for that aversion. Was King Humbert's greatest premier possessed of an exaggerated fear of France? Did his anticlerical soul revolt against a country that professed to defend, at Italy's cost, the temporal power of the Papacy? Or was this sentiment at heart a vague indignation, instinctive in this old Republican, because a neighboring Republic exhibited so warlike and imperialistic a spirit, and

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seemed to convict all Mazzini Republicans of folly in looking forward to a grand era of fraternity — under free institutions — for the whole Latin race?

Let us search for an answer in Crispi's own words. He says in his *Pensieri:* 'The grand principles of 1789 are inscribed at the beginning of every Constitution of France, and they are often quoted by her legislators and ministers; but they have had no influence as yet upon the laws and the government of France. Her national economy is vitiated by unjust privileges that seem absurd under Republican institutions; her system of taxation is iniquitous; her stock exchanges and banks are feudal principalities, and their unjust practices are worse than feudal. . . . Her international policy is governed not by idealism, but by self-interest. . . . France herself continues the old régime. We innocently hailed her as the redeemer of nations. In reality she has always sought exclusively her own interests. This is shown by her conduct in Africa, the Congo, Madagascar, Tonkin, Tunis: these have been her objectives during the last fifteen years.'

We seem to detect here an echo of the shattered illusions of a man who had expected much and hoped for much from the application of the principles of the Great Revolution; who had trusted implicitly the country that represented herself to the world as the standard bearer of justice and peace.

'The Mediterranean is not an Italian lake, nor is it a French lake. Although our geographical position, our historical antecedents, the sacrifices and the fruitful labors of our ancestors, give us a greater right to this Sea than any other people possesses, none the less I believe that the Mediterranean belongs to all the nations who dwell upon her shores, and that all the world should have an equal right to navigate her waters. . . . The Roman monopoly, like the French monopoly, savors of conquest — not of fraternity and equality among peoples. . . . The alliances that I would call natural are those between Governments that have the same interests to defend and the same objects to attain. Are we in this situation with respect to France? Unhappily there are two issues between our countries that of themselves are sufficient to keep them apart — the Mediterranean and the Papacy. . . . Contrary to what the people at Rome imagine, the Var is no longer the boundary of Italy in the Maritime Alps. The French were strong enough to deprive us of this natural frontier by forcing Cavour to cede Nice to them. . . . Except a few Voltairians in the cities, the masses — that is, the great majority of Frenchmen — are Catholics. We can well understand, therefore, the desire of their Government in 1848 and of the Government to-day, to win popular support by flattering their loyalty to the Pope. So it was quite logical for Cavaignac to take the attitude he did in 1848, and for Bonaparte in 1849; and it was more than logical for the ministers of the Third Republic to pursue the course they did in 1870 and 1871.'

So we have two causes of discord: one was in its nature contingent and might be removed by the French nation. It was clericalism. The other, and the more serious, was one of geographical position. France demanded frontiers, and sought a primacy in the Mediterranean, which Italy could not concede. This source of dissension was permanent and serious; none the less, skeptical as we might be as to future good relations between the two countries, the case was not beyond hope. Let me quote another passage: —

'France must renounce all claim to interfere in matters this side of the

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Alps. She must recognize, and teach herself to recognize constantly, that the Italian nation is the equal of the French nation, with the same right to independence and to association on an equal footing with the other peoples of the world. . . . Our pro-French Italians delude themselves with their love for France and their hope that she will aid us. History should admonish them better; the wars of the Revolution and of the Empire should teach them by sad example. France seeks the rôle of a conqueror, not of a redeemer. Notwithstanding this, it is well to remember that the Republic of 1848 and the Republic of 1870 are not to be confused with the Republic of 1793. The French Republic of 1848 destroyed the Roman Republic, after permitting the Revolution elsewhere in Italy to be strangled. The Republic of 1870 has marched over the prostrate body of Poland to rush into the fraternal embrace of the Tsar at Moscow. I do not reproach France for this. Every nation must consider its own interests, must look out for itself. Nations that wait passively to be redeemed by others are bereft of their senses.'

We see the uncurable suspicion sown in Crispi's mind by his interpretation of French sentiment, by his certainty that her pride would always forbid her to regard Italy as her equal. This distrust was strengthened by his knowledge of history, which shows France ever ready to sacrifice her liberal ideals upon the altar of her private interests. But we now come to a new and a profounder thought.

'The French Revolution has lost its momentum, but it still dominates our thoughts, and makes us the slaves of preconceptions and prejudices that prevent our following in the footsteps of our fathers. We must break these moral shackles and return to the traditions of our fatherland.'

The same idea lies behind his reply to the French Radicals, who inquired why Italy refused to participate in the Paris Exposition of 1889. A North Italian Liberal, saturated as the people of that section are with French ideology, would hardly have hit upon that idea; but it suggested itself naturally to our great Sicilian Liberal. The thought that Italy should create a political philosophy of her own, that she had an historical political mission in the world in no way dependent on the ideas and programmes of any other country — this desire to correlate Italy's present with her past, to resume the route her fathers trod, testifies to Crispi's real superiority over his fellow Liberals. His love of Italy was a primitive and native love for his race and his land; it was not, as in case of most of his contemporaries and of the present generation, love of the abstract ideals that they believed it the duty of our race to advocate, defend, and apply within our country.

But this very superiority was at the same time the source of Crispi's weakness. His intuition did not extend to a constructive programme; it did not embrace a complete and organic idea of what Italy should become, of the position she should assume. It is all very well to follow in the footsteps of our fathers and to return to the traditions of our fatherland, but we cannot turn back the clock of history for a century; we cannot go back to an age that has already grown indistinct and confused with lapse of time — quite irrespective of the fact that whatever national traditions then existed were not those of a united Italy. And if that Italy of our fathers, with its unassuming aristocracy, with its tolerant Catholicism, with its narrow local interests, with its absence of military traditions, with its skeptical attitude toward all generous visions, had been resurrected from the

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dust of time, Francesco Crispi would have been her foremost and bitterest enemy. Nothing in that old Italy would have pleased him. He would have rebelled against her obsequiousness to her princes, her legislative anarchy, her genial smiling skepticism, her utter lack of enterprise and adventure, her military impotence, her intellectual effeminacy, her love of empty rhetoric, her slothful content with mere physical existence. Crispi was filled with the spirit of the eighteenth century. He would have neither understood nor loved an Italy that was not the protagonist of some great idea, an Italy that was not a crusader for justice and liberty. Like nearly all Italians of his generation, his interest in *Realpolitik* — in a business man's government — was only platonic, and vanished before the first breath of sentiment or flash of patriotic anger.

So there is a fundamental difference between the patriotism of a Frenchman and the patriotism of an Italian of Crispi's time. The Frenchman's love of his country is the love of a son who fights for his motherland without thinking of right or wrong, without considering whether he is serving or betraying the ideals which he but yesterday swore upon the altar to defend. The patriotism of an Italian at that time could be fired to ardor only in the service of what he considered a glorious cause. He conceived his country as the servant of an ideal. That was the patriotism of Crispi. But he was no less an Italian for that reason. To him Italy must be the sole patroness of his ideals. And such ideals, if they were not those that inspired the French Revolution of 1789, were at least indirectly derived from them. 'Wherever Italy can make her influence felt in the world, it should be in the service of the principles by virtue of which she has become a great European Power — liberty and nationality.'

MODERN LITERATURE IN JAPAN

BY ALBERT MAYBON

From *La Mercure de France, October* 1
(CLERICAL-CONSERVATIVE BIMONTHLY)

A FEW years ago, on the eve of the war with Russia, a Japanese critic wrote in a Tokyo review, 'I have just seen a play by a writer named Ibsen. It is about a woman who leaves her husband to seek for what she thinks is Happiness; but I doubt whether she is any happier after the separation. We Japanese are different — we remain cold before ideas as such, and I venture to predict that the play or novel with a purpose will never succeed in Japan. If some day the attempt is made, the result will be nothing but clumsy imitation of European authors. In Japan a literary man necessarily belongs to the naturalistic school.'

These lines date from the time when the great novelist, Iwano Homei, launched upon the world his famous formula: 'To be naked, and to leave still naked whatever is naked.' His dis-

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ciples echoed him, 'Things as they are' — *Arinomama*.

Writers studied the lives of the lower classes, the dramas of poverty, the lives of failures and outcasts, and the irregularities of passion. Matter and manner were inseparable; the author strove to throw realities into striking relief, to render the objects described exactly as they were — by means of objective and direct painting.

Since the end of the Meiji era — that is, for about a dozen years — literary circles have been turning away from this brutal, morbid, and amoral literature; and yet, in spite of the new spirit, the naturalistic method remains; nor could it be otherwise in a people who are peculiarly perceptive of the concrete. To-day, however, this process is made to serve moral purposes; and in the novel of personal confession, which is the form employed here for idealistic literary ends, the author details his observations and his own experiences with the greatest liberty of description. The plays of a leader of the idealistic school, Mr. Kurata, have been called 'a casket of precious and hidden jewels, poured out upon the table to the eyes of all the world.'

It may be well to remark, however, that works in the so-called 'naturalistic' manner and on 'naturalistic' subjects, though they may be avoided by the literary reviews and the publishers, are still taking up a good deal of space in the newspapers and popular magazines. The great public has little taste for literature with a purpose.

The idealistic school, which is in vogue to-day among the college-bred, — the professors of foreign languages and literatures, the educated, and the chosen few, — finds its chief exponents among Messrs. Kagawa, Kurata, Arishima, and Ebara, all of whom are dominated by deep religious feeling. In a little while, two or three years at most, the first two will have attained a celebrity unequaled in Japanese literature, but Mr. Kagawa has not long enjoyed the favor of cultivated circles.

The intellectuals regard him to-day as a *narikin* (new-rich) author, a clever exploiter of easily developed themes, an industrialist in literature, a machine-worker. The life of an apostle and militant altruist that he leads does not help his standing in the least, for his readers believe that they discern a strong vein of pharisaism mingled in it; and even when, on previous occasions, he has been sincere and moved by a spirit of love for the common people, he has been accused of playing too much to the gallery on the strength of this meritorious past, and of dragging down the generous philosophy of Tolstoi and Ibsen to the common level of the crowd.

In style and in ideas his novels are held to be vulgar — and yet they have passed their two-hundredth edition! The literary world says contemptuously, 'It is Americanism,' and the chiefs of the idealistic school themselves are not slow to find fault with their fellow. Mr. T. Arishima writes, 'Some modern novelists are displaying far too much interest in the life of the lower classes, although they do not themselves belong to those classes and cannot comprehend the life and the feelings of poor people. Let us hold these writers in suspicion.'

Mr. Arishima, a 'missionary of love,' and a severe moralist, comes from the humanitarian school known as the Shirakaba (white birch tree), which was founded several years ago by Mr. Mushakoji, a young nobleman — a movement directed partly against amoral naturalism and partly against warlike and capitalistic imperialism. Although it now seems decadent, its work has not been in vain. The writings of Mr. Mushakoji, mostly dramas, are vibrant with hatred for war. Some

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years ago he founded on Kyushu, the southernmost of the main islands of Japan, an establishment called the 'New Village,' a kind of phalanstery for artists and writers, where every member is required to work seven hours a day, either in the community's fields or in its workshops. The holidays celebrated here are the birthdays of Jesus and Buddha, of Tolstoi and Rodin, and it is worth noting that the Chinese highly applaud this experiment.

Mr. Arishima is above all an advocate of sacrifice for society, and very recently he preached his doctrine by his own example, giving his property at Hokushu to the peasants who had created its value — some five hundred thousand yen in fields and woodland.

Mr. Kurata, also, praises self-sacrifice, the renouncement of all worldly goods, almost martyrdom. He goes so far as to speak of humiliation as a form of moral and intellectual hygiene; one understands the world only when pride is overthrown. But will Mr. Kurata's reputation endure, in this new Japan where everything moves at such high speed? Already his work, like that of Mr. Kagawa, is criticized for artistic mediocrity, and, casting aside his modesty, he does not hesitate to take up the cudgels in his own defense. In a ringing article in the review, *Reconstruction*, Mr. Kurata said: —

A writer ought not to have anything to do with the literary world. Literary, too literary — that is the fault I find with the writers of to-day. Let us never forget that there is a gulf between art and morality. In vain does an evil writer strive to paint the unhappy, the poor, the broken, the wounded at heart, for the reader who is moved by sincere love for humanity discerns, at a single glance, the fundamental falsehood of such a picture. I know that it is difficult to uproot evil from the human soul, but let us hearken to the voice of conscience and strive for the simple heart. The sins that block the way to Paradise ought to be cast out of literature.

Mr. Kurata is an earnest Buddhist, a member of the Jodo-Shinshu (Sect of Mercy); but, like so many of his faith, he keeps his mind wide open to the teachings of Christianity. Although evangelistic endeavor may be making slight progress in Japan, and although the Catholic and Protestant churches may be winning few converts, it must nevertheless be recognized that there has never been so much interest as there is to-day in Christianity, its doctrines, its morality, its institutions, and its rites.

Another writer of this same idealistic school, Mr. Ebara, has recently attained distinction with two books, one dealing with the Old Testament and the other with the New Testament — voluminous works, the manuscripts of which were refused by all the publishers and finally appeared — thanks to the support of some university professors — through a firm founded especially for the publication of Mr. Ebara's work.

This author's thought is a veritable current of ideas. The Christ is no longer the foreign God who was for so long antipathetic to the spirit of the Japanese race. He is humanized, has lost his divine nature, and is brought down to earth. Mr. Ebara sets all the personalities of the Bible on a human plane, in direct relationship with the men of to-day, and he makes them realities. They are all presented in sympathetic aspects — even Judas is rehabilitated according to the doctrine of forgiveness taught by the Jodo-Shinshu sect, which is the dominant school in modern Japanese Buddhism. Judas is no longer a traitor, but a victim of society, and, like Jesus, he is brought back to life to fill the modern world with his own repentance. The anguished face of the

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man with the thirty pieces of silver — that is a symbol of reconciliation.

In the eyes of the literary masters of this school — the Buddhist and Christian intellectuals — the proletariat is the class beloved by the merciful gods. Mr. T. Arishima, in a two-volume work, brings Jesus Christ on the scene, without too much ridicule, under the guise of an American pastor, a protector of repentant girls and poor students; and one of these sinners, an abandoned geisha girl, is represented as an incarnation of Mary Magdalene.

This religious sentimentalism meets with ironic criticism at the hands of the young Marxian writers of the materialistic school. Since the beginning of the present year, this criticism has become more bitter and violent in the most advanced reviews, and this process has gone so far that the question of the day is whether there now exists a proletarian literature as distinguished from the bourgeois literature. The 'bourgeois' authors find fault with the proletarian writers, whom they criticize for their lack of taste and style. Their books are, in fact, on a rather flat, monotonous level, describing the moral disintegration of a man who has lost his job, the sufferings of a worker on strike, the misfortunes of a professor who has been guilty of sympathizing with Bolshevism, or the arrest of a young anarchist student in a silk factory; but these commonplace plots are not displeasing to many writers who are avid for something psychologically new.

All this shows that the Japanese do possess a capacity for interesting themselves in stories with a purpose, and feel the fascination of an idea for its own sake — which is directly contrary to the prophecy that I quoted at the beginning of this essay. Before the Russian war, in 1904–1905, the Japanese people were reading realistic Russian novels, but to-day they are reading novels in which the emphasis is philosophic. Most of these novels — which are translated from the English and not directly from the Russian — are eagerly seized upon by the students of the higher schools, who find in them intellectual pabulum very much to their taste. Their vogue is such that to the common people 'Russian literature' is synonymous with 'foreign literature.'

Against these idealistic schools — humanitarian, religious, materialistic, but all stamped in some degree with the spirit of foreign thought — the school which advocates a strictly Japanese culture is struggling with all its might and main. In order to attract the rising generations, these writers endeavor to cast a philosophic light upon national questions and make a deliberate effort at popularization. Among the most recent books to appear, we may mention a bulky *History of Japan*, published under the direction of Mr. Tsubuchi, a celebrated dramatist. It is a popular history, the kind of book that has never before existed, 'for family reading.'

Books on Buddhism, which in recent years have been numerous, aid in quickening the great religious creeds of the Orient. One of the most remarkable of these books, from the pen of Mr. Tachibana, — a famous bonze who has previously published a work on Indian Buddhism, — deals with Chinese Buddhism; and I believe that it will be interesting to quote here a summary of the author's introduction: —

> The foundation of the Buddhist religion is philosophic. In the Buddhist's eyes the universal life is the only real life. One road alone leads to deliverance, and whoever sets out upon it lifts himself above the common moral rules. Buddhism to-day has five hundred million believers. The Chinese have interpreted it in their own fashion and have given rise to a new Buddhism, which can be comprehended only after acquainting one's self with Chinese thought.

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The importance of the idea of deliverance remains unknown or neglected among the Chinese. They could never comprehend the significance of the celebrated sentence, 'All the creatures of this world below have the same nature as that of Buddha,' for the true import of that sentence can be comprehended only through the long-continued practice of introspection, the sole discipline that can lead us from this personal, or carnal, life to the life universal. This is beyond the Chinese.

Chinese Buddhism, developing under the control of the State, endured the same vicissitudes as those of the country itself. It did not adapt itself to the conditions of the nation at the time when it might have been the most powerful link in the unity of the Empire. The great sects, Tendai, Kegon, and Zen, are all supernational. The decadence of the Chinese nation began at the very moment when these sects were degenerating, and Chinese Buddhism to-day resembles the Lamaism that influences it, a faith that is wholly vulgar and stupid.

In this way does our author account for the political and social disorder with which China is struggling. His ultimate purpose is to urge his fellow countrymen to keep up the old Japanese sects, which have contributed so much to the national culture.

A new curiosity has also appeared. Everything that deals with sexual questions fascinates both the student and the man of riper age. I suppose that all the foreign books on such subjects have found readers in Japan, and a good many of them have been translated. Special magazines, with significant titles, have recently been established, addressing themselves especially to young people.

A whole literature has grown up, dealing with this side of life with all the seriousness and conscientiousness that Japanese writers bring to all their studies.

Even the important magazines have given a good deal of space to such questions as marriage, divorce, free love, concubinage, and the repudiation of wives. I may mention a special number of the *Housewife's Friend*, which was devoted to marriage and divorce; and of the *Women's Review*, which printed a collection of indignant articles by divorcées and other victims of 'men's brutality,' while in the same magazine appeared articles of a moral tendency by the socialist Kagawa, 'The Holiness of Women,' and 'The Adoration of Women.' Among the novels that form a part of this literature are some curious studies of the psychology of youth.

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BORROWING A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

BY IVOR HERBERT McCLURE

From the *Beacon, October*
(CHRISTIAN-LIBERAL MONTHLY)

'IT takes us longer to change ourselves than to change our tools.' — BERGSON

YOU will remember, perhaps, the fun that we had with Professor Einstein's train — how we walked with constant velocity up and down the corridor and dropped stones recklessly out of the windows. This was very dangerous, because the embankment was lined with independent observers. They all had stop watches, and fussed about with measuring rods. Well, good things like that cannot last forever. As nobody seems to be using that train just now, I should like Professor Einstein to lend it to me for a few moments.

Whenever you want to explain to anybody an idea that you think he may not wish to be troubled with, you should provide yourself with a train. Whether afterward he understands you or not he will certainly listen to you, for, though many of us hate grasping ideas, we nearly all love playing with trains.

Allow me, therefore, to invite you on board one of the coaches; that is all that I want to play with. It is a kind of Pullman car, up and down which we can walk, though not necessarily at a constant velocity. The atmosphere will strike you as strangely unreal. The company, though rather mixed, is very interesting; but it, too, seems as if it might have come out of the pages of 'Alice through the Looking-Glass.' Most of the passengers are playing a game of bluff called 'poker.' I rather suspect that the cards are marked, and there seem to be more 'chips' than there were at the beginning. That, however, is of little importance, for they can apparently be purchased with money that would not deceive a blind omnibus-conductor with gloves on.

What makes the game more intense is the hand baggage of the players. To begin with, all of them have revolvers, some have hand grenades, quite a number have large kegs of poison gas, and a few have American walking-sticks. As you know, the American walking-stick is not so much a walking-stick as it is a flask. These walking-sticks, however, contain not expensive wood-alcohol, but quantities of deadly microbes. It is, as you can imagine, a lively game.

Not all the passengers are playing poker. There are, for instance, four men seated at a table, who are looking on with unconcealed anxiety. I would ask you to go and talk to them.

'This seems a curious game,' you say, after a polite word of greeting.

'It is a very dangerous game,' replies the large man.

'But if these people get too excited and begin to make use of their luggage, all the passengers will be exterminated, won't they?'

'That's exactly what we are afraid of.'

'Can't anybody stop them behaving like this?' you ask.

'There are no rules against it,' replies the tall thin man, ringing for some more beer.

'Does n't the railway company object to having its coach damaged?'

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'The railway company!' exclaims the large man. 'We don't know who that is. We believe there is one — in fact, I think we're all shareholders — but we've never seen it. No, the railway company does not interfere with us. We make our own rules in this carriage.'

'Then why,' you ask, 'don't you make rules requiring everybody to behave in a sane manner?'

'Won't you sit down?' kindly remarks one of the party. He has a frank open face and a pair of beautiful blue eyes, one of which is glass. He is irresistible, so you sit down. The large man goes on to explain.

'Our rules — or morality, if you like to call it that — are the outcome of our common opinion, and common opinion should be the outcome of clear thinking. It seems a long time since it was that, yet we fail to see that it is just as uncomfortable, and just as indecent, to travel in a morality that we have outgrown as it is to travel in clothes that fitted us when we were quite small children.

'This train started from the terminus a long time ago, and the rules were made by passengers who got out many stations back. They were never very good rules, yet they used to work in a rough and ready way. But for the new type of passenger, with his complicated method of life and his noxious baggage, they are not only inadequate but catastrophic. Look at that!'

You look in the direction in which he is pointing. A German gentleman has just tendered to his neighbor, a Frenchman, an enormous bundle of spurious notes. The Frenchman gets very much excited, and empties his revolver in front of the German's nose by way of intimidation. Whereupon, to keep him quiet, the German, who appears to be unarmed, signs an I O U for an amount that he does not seem likely to be able to pay.

'We had a better show than that, just now,' says the tall thin man. 'There was a fearful set-to between a Greek and a Turk. Betting was high, the Turk being a strong favorite. An Englishman, however, put his money on the Greek, who promptly went down for a full count with a broken jaw. The Turk thereupon shot a brace of Armenians to celebrate the event. Everyone said "Tut, tut!" and went on with their game. That kind of thing is going on all the time.'

'Well, you know,' says the large man, 'it was all very well when passengers only carried blackthorn cudgels. But we simply can't afford to quarrel nowadays; it is suicide on a large scale — or it will be very soon.'

'But surely,' you say, astonished, 'everybody must see that.'

'Not everybody. We are all aware that things are very uncomfortable, and there are a good many theories about the cause. It is because we own property and because we do not own property. It is because we have too much money and because we do not have enough. It is because there are too many people in the carriage and because there is a large part of the carriage unoccupied. But the more you hear of such theories the more you will be inclined to agree with us.'

'And what is your idea?' you ask, with courteous interest.

'Well, we have tried to face reality without the emotional interference of optimism or pessimism, and we have come to the conclusion that our troubles are due partly to muddled thinking, but most of all to no thinking at all.'

The little man, who so far has not spoken, takes his pipe out of his mouth and punctuates that remark.

'Our mental progress,' he says, 'has not kept pace with our ability to be a nuisance to ourselves.'

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'Thinking,' says the tall thin man, putting down his tankard, 'thinking has almost entirely given place to habit, without our acquiring the habit of thinking.

'We hate thinking; we regard it as a worry. I heard the fellow behind me saying that he was very worried about his business. That meant, of course, that a number of unusual and unexpected difficulties had arisen with which habit was unable to cope, and which needed for their solution a little clear thought. The other fellow replied that he too had been worried about his wife. I suppose that the aspect of her, to which he had grown accustomed, had changed, necessitating a modification of his habits to conform to the altered circumstances. A little thought was necessary, so he called it worry.

'The only time when we do any thinking is when it is forced on us by the petty material difficulties of everyday life. That is why we are blind. I don't suppose a dog *sees* a policeman; he probably only sees a slow-moving, two-legged object, apparently without feathers.

'He certainly does n't see the salaried embodiment of the more peremptory part of morality. To most of us a red lantern is very much what it must appear to be to an animal — a haze of light; to an intelligent engine-driver it is a signal to halt. We are failing more and more to respond to significant similarities or differences in objects as signs of future or absent opportunities or dangers. That is why we don't see trouble on the line until we're in the thick of it.'

'Is no one doing anything to avert a possible catastrophe?' you inquire.

'Yes, oh yes, people are — discussing it.'

'I think,' says the blue-eyed man, 'that the company's officials ought to do something about it. It is their job, and they have a splendid opportunity.'

'They *had* a splendid opportunity and missed it,' exclaims the large man. 'No one listens to them now. They have got hold of a very old book of the regulations, and when they are n't quarreling among themselves about what it means, they are reading it aloud to other people. Mark you, there are some excellent things in that book, even though the time-table is out of date.

'There's one regulation that says that all passengers should behave to each other like gentlemen and like friends. If you were to try to urge that on the present company now, you would probably be met by a salvo of counter cheers if you did n't receive a salvo of bullets. No; ever since the officials gave up killing the people who did n't believe what they were told, their influence has been negligible.'

'Oh!' protests the blue-eyed man.

'Well, if not negligible, at any rate neglected. They are out of the current of life.'

'Like the gentleman on whose chair you are sitting,' says the tall thin man.

'Oh!' you exclaim, half rising.

'No, no. Please sit down. He was disgusted with his surroundings because they prevented him from living a decent life. He said he was going to wash his hands of this degrading existence. He did, and locked himself in at the end of the coach. We call him the "Ascetic among the Antisceptics."'

'I still think that the officials could do a lot of good,' says the blue-eyed man persistently.

'It is not preaching against sin,' says the large man, 'but the experienced results of stupidity that will move people. You can only lead by following. The thing is to follow the right tendency and back it all you know. If the officials do that, they'll do good.'

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'I agree,' says the man with the pipe, 'and when they see someone else trying they probably will.'

'Who else is trying?' you ask.

'Well, there are two groups,' says the tall thin man. 'There are those people over there who have decided to work tooth and nail to avoid a catastrophe.

'They have accepted our diagnosis of the trouble, and they want to make people think. Their difficulty, of course, is that people imagine that they are already thinking. There is not a man in this car who has not got a view on where this train started, and where it is going, on what will happen to him when he gets out, and on how other people ought to behave. He will tell you at once whether a law, or a religion, or a man is good or bad, and how you should cure indigestion. But since experts can't solve these problems, how can he be qualified to have any opinion on them at all? Nevertheless, because his opinions are n't founded on thinking, he will cling to them all the more obstinately.'

'And the other group, what are they trying to do?'

'Well, naturally enough, there are people who do not think that the first group will succeed in time. So they are trying to prepare the nucleus of a new and better order of citizens against the time when the present order has blown itself painfully into eternity.'

'And you gentlemen, what are you doing?'

'We? Oh, we're doing both. We shall, so to speak, gain on the swings if we happen to lose on the roundabouts.'

'I think you have a very difficult task,' you say, rising; 'but heartily I wish you every success.'

'Thank you very much,' says the blue-eyed man. 'I am sure that we shall succeed. As a memento of your kind visit, would you allow us to present you with this?'

He hands you a beautifully printed magazine with a delightful red flame on the cover.

If you open it you will find, thanks to a brilliant piece of journalism, an account of your visit to the strange railway carriage.

As there is a time to play and a time to work, I think we should now, with a courteous word of thanks, hand Professor Einstein back his useful and delightful toy.

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MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF AT NICE

BY PIERRE BOREL

[*M. Borel is the French journalist who is responsible for the additions to the famous* Journal, *now being published in Paris. They came into his hands after lying for years in the possession of the young artist's two 'mothers.' It is rather odd, in these extracts, to find the diarist referring to her father, from whom her mother was separated when Marie was still a little girl.*]

From *L'Écho de Paris, October 5*
(CLERICAL DAILY)

AMONG all the cities that she loved, Marie Bashkirtseff seems to have cherished an especial fondness for Nice, and the tenderest memories of all were those of her villa on the Promenade des Anglais, where she had spent most of her youth. It was of Nice that Marie wrote: 'Oh, Nice, my garden full of birds, my roses on the terrace, and the sea!'

In this garden, planted with exotic trees, and situated behind a veritable grove of palms, Marie had directed the construction of a delightful pavilion, which she used as both atelier and library.

'The landing,' she wrote, 'is carpeted with red and ornamented with flowers and green plants. You come into a little antechamber, also done in red, and decorated with a great many photographs of famous people and pictures by the masters. Even from the landing outside you can see the Joconde and the Portrait of the Sculptor by Velasquez. When you come into the atelier, there is a big window to the left, and another curtained window opens on the balcony. Opposite them is the gallery, and to the right, the library, within which is my writing desk — in black, like all the other woodwork. Next the desk is a window, closed with a cloth of Salamanca embroidery and another strip of magnificent Oriental stuff. Between this window and the rear wall of the atelier, at the left, is the corner that I want to make as beautiful as possible. There is a green plant, with Spanish and Italian guitars scattered at the foot and with two big tables draped with red cloth. On these are the books to which I turn in my moments of revery or idleness. Balzac — ah, Balzac before all the rest! Rabelais, Byron, A. Dumas, Montaigne, Homer, Spinoza, the Gospels. The corner is occupied by a divan, with a screen of pale blue satin between it and the window. The rest of the walls are covered with shelves full of books. The higher shelves are surmounted by flowers, which make a border all around the room. A pink lamp is fastened above the desk, in the angle of the embrasure, where I am going to paint a big spider on the ceiling. There is a big armchair in front of the desk, and another huge one between the window and the fireplace.'

To this house, which she liked better than her apartments at Paris, Marie Bashkirtseff came for rest and leisure with the greatest joy.

'I remember,' she jots down, 'my secret disappointment in seeing Naples. Nice is so lovely that one is ready for anything. We are in the country. We are gay. I don't see my doctor, and I am at work. I have brought an easel and a paintbox for the country. I have

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come to work; I have to see the Carnival for my picture — a picture that I have in my head and am going to do for the next Salon.'

Marie spoke thus of her plans, even though it was her last trip to Nice. As though she felt how short a time was left to her to live, the young Russian girl hastened to see and to enjoy all the curious and colorful spectacles that were offered to her eyes. She writes: —

'*First day of the Carnival.* — Our carriage is the prettiest of all, except one that I thought was better. We have a break draped in mauve satinet, Watteau dominoes in white lace with mauve folds, and a wealth of Parma violets and ribbons that flutter in the wind. But how different it is from an Italian carnival! Here there is a procession of a lot of poor people who have got up carriages and cavalcades for the sake of a prize, and people who throw confetti, and foreigners who look down from their balconies. There are no young people, no bonbonnières, no bouquets, no hasty intrigues. This floating and cosmopolitan population of Nice can give no idea of what a carnival is like in Italy, where the aristocracy take part, and the artists too, like the carriage from the Villa Medici at Rome last year.

'Nice is picturesque and pretty. I love the country here. Perhaps if I spent the year at Nice the carnival would have attractions for me. But no, there are these Englishmen and Dutchmen and the Parisians who go to Monaco. And after all, I don't know — this carnival is nothing but a line of carriages and horsemen without anything very artistic about it. The baroness and my princess aunt were with us. At five o'clock we went to find my aunt R—— and Bojidar at the station, and we went off for dinner together at London House, where, naturally, one is quite at home. Papa and my aunt went to Monaco by the seven o'clock train. Bojidar's arrival made the whole house a little more lively. I am thinking about my painting. It looks as though I were a mere journalist.'

A little later she writes: 'A battle with flowers on the Promenade des Anglais. Very beautiful and very amusing. You dress to go there, and I was as pretty as I could be. I can be pretty. Perhaps I can be even more, and I was glad to show myself after having been reported so ill.'

In another of these flower battles, Marie achieved a veritable triumph. She forgot 'a marked increase of the fever that disturbed her a good deal.' Listen to her own account: 'Oh, an immense success! We went to the battle of flowers Monday, in costume but not masked. Papa, mama, my aunt, and my princess aunt kept modestly in the rear, and Dina, Paul, Nini, Bojidar, and I led the way, all five of us young and dashing, with Watteau costumes in white, mauve ribbons, violets, a dash of powder, and the sun shining down on it all. We were drowned with flowers and hailed with the most complimentary applause. All the way the big bouquets came raining down on us, and we hurled them back. Oh, it was ravishing, ravishing, ravishing!'

All of a sudden, Marie is brought to a halt in her amusement at Nice. She is compelled to give up the little brook, where she used to go to paint the washerwomen. The fever again forces her to rest in her atelier, where she spends long hours in contemplation of 'appalling fantasies,' and then a sudden desire to return to Paris seizes her.

'I am tired of Nice. Ah, Paris with its lure and beauty — and then my painting!'

The carnival celebrations, of which she has left some vigorous and clever sketches, were no sooner over than Marie returned to the dwelling where, a

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few months later, she was to die. As I write these lines, I have before me a pretty little mask of violet silk, the very one that Marie wore at her last carnival in Nice. A few days before her death, the young Russian girl was still talking wistfully of her garden on the shore of the Baie des Anges.

'That is where I shall get well' — but she never went back.

And if her shade, — as Anatole France would like to have it, — 'is still wandering somewhere, charged with a burden of desires,' it must be in the rooms of that villa at Nice, now deserted, where her soul was opened to beauty and her heart to love. It must be in that garden, planted with exotic trees, and clustered thick with lentisk and with Spanish reeds, that Oriental park where so many evenings she went to dream, looking out over a sea languid with its warmth, or else shivering under the first October breezes.

THE TRAVELER'S TALE

BY ERNEST RHYS

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

I HAVE had purple and gold in my time;
I have been crowned, and I have worn fine linen;
I have known love more than in man and woman.
I have been great, and I have been a beggar;
And if I wrap my memories about me
Like a tattered cloak, they hide the morning
Looking out upon the immortal meadows.

I have been young, and seen the bright-haired maiden
Write on the wall the legend 'Ai Apollo!'
I have been old, and known the purple shadow,
And seen the gray-beak'd eagle on the ivory shoulder.
Look on this form, this old man, time-forgotten,
Whose heart is like a speck of death within him.
He goes in gold and purple to his city
To live with the Immortals.

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ARE LECTURES WORTH WHILE?

AN EDUCATIONAL QUERY

From the *New Statesman, October* 7
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

A GREAT deal has been said and written lately about the place of the universities in our national life. The representatives of the universities have pleaded for more generous recognition, and have set out to make their appeal to wider sections of the community. They have sought, often with success, to attract the man of business by means of courses and degrees in commerce, and by large developments of vocational training; and they have talked a great deal, and done something, with a view to making what is called 'extramural' work a more definitely recognized part of their activities. They have also spoken much of plans for making the university courses more accessible to poor men, and every working-class student who has found his way to Oxford or Cambridge has been acclaimed as a sign and portent of the coming educated democracy.

This is all to the good, and the case for the universities was very lucidly stated by many speakers at the big conference on Adult Education held at Oxford last week-end. Universities, local education authorities, and voluntary educational societies met there to discuss the position and prospects of adult education, and especially the part to be played in its development by the older and newer universities. Such conferences, of course, tend to attract the definite sympathizer rather than the typical university teacher or administrator; but it is significant that every university speaker at the conference appeared to recognize the need for a big development of adult educational work by the universities both within and without their walls.

There was something, however, in the tone of almost all the speeches that raises a doubt. These university professors seem very ready to assume that the problem is merely one of quantity, and that, if only we can make education 'of university standard' more widely available for the mass of the people, an educated democracy will arise and, flinging from it the false nostrums alike of Bottomley and of Karl Marx, settle down to create social peace upon earth under irreproachable professional leadership. This assumption that all is right with the universities, and that the sole problem is that of spreading their influence more widely, seemed to us, as we said at the time when its Report appeared, to be dominant in the minds of the recent Royal Commission on Oxford and Cambridge; and it certainly seemed to dominate the minds of most of the university spokesmen at last week's conference.

There were, indeed, exceptions. Mr. Robert Peers, Director of the Department of Extramural Education at University College, Nottingham, made a new and startling point when he looked to adult education as the means of saving the humaner studies amid the onrush of vocational training that is overwhelming the newer universities and sweeping their arts departments into an unregarded corner of the curriculum. Sir William Beveridge, with his wide experience of adult students at the

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School of Economics, also seemed to recognize that all was not necessarily well with the universities themselves. But more generally the university speakers, by implication at least, patted themselves on the back, and seemed to hold that the teaching methods they have been used to apply to their own students are of necessity the right methods for adult education.

This is a serious matter, for in our view there is a great deal wrong with the universities in their handling of their own students. The older and newer universities alike are victims of the lecturing habit. Education is conceived mainly as a process of sending students to attend as many lectures as possible, and, while some attempt is made to supply by individual and group tuition the deficiencies of the lecture method, there can be no doubt that the student is expected to acquire his education mainly by the assimilation of lectures. He does not, and cannot in fact, do this, for, although the lecture has its proper place in the scheme of education, it is wholly unsuited to serve as the main instrument.

The substance of the majority of the lectures which are given could be got by the student far better and in far less time from books which are readily available, and most lecturers, in attempting to 'cover the ground' in a given number of lectures, greatly overtax the capacity of their students for assimilating by ear long chains of fact and argument. There is a case for special lectures given by the expert for the purpose of expounding and testing a new discovery; there is a case for the popular lecture as a means of arousing attention; but there is no case, we believe, for the lecture, as ordinarily conceived, as a regular and systematic method of university education.

The position is worse in the newer than in the older universities, both because they have as a rule larger masses of students to handle, and because the grants which they earn depend in part at least on the number of lecture attendances they are able to register. Attendance at lectures provides the easiest way of checking the student's diligence, but the way which it provides is almost the worst imaginable. It is more than possible to emerge from a full course of lectures less equipped than as the fruit of a few hours' reading and an hour or two of personal discussion with a teacher.

There is, of course, a growing development of seminar and group work; but this is still regarded as quite secondary to the lecture, and, for some undisclosed reason, as mainly valuable for advanced students. Yet it is surely evident that no one so much as the beginner needs the personal contact with the teacher that will put him in the right way of study.

The application of this criticism of the time-honored methods of university teaching to the problems of adult education is this. Adult education is apt to be thought of as an extension of the lecture method to wider classes of auditors. This was obviously the idea behind the University Extension movement, and there is also a tendency for the university mind to regard the newer movements — such as the tutorial classes — which have sprung up more recently, after much the same fashion. The latest aim of the universities is that their teachers, having lectured themselves hoarse to their 'intramural' students, should proceed to lecture themselves hoarser to audiences of working men and women.

We beg leave to doubt very profoundly the utility of this method, and we believe the growing practice of the teachers who have wide experience of adult education is to discard the lecture method wherever they are able to

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do so. The university tutorial class has always had this advantage over both the university-extension lecture and the lectures given in the colleges themselves, that discussion has been made an integral part of the proceedings. Even this, however, as many teachers have found, is not enough. The problem in part-time adult education is to deal with students who can give to their formal studies only a few hours in the week. It follows that the object must be to equip them, not so much with positive knowledge of any subject, as with a method of thought and work which they can apply for themselves both for further study and in the practical concerns of their daily life. This the lecture, unless it is conceived in quite a new way, fails to do. It is not suitable, and it must give way to methods far more like those of the seminar and the group discussion.

This is the actual tendency to-day, we believe, in the best types of adult educational work; and we are disposed to agree with those speakers at last week's conference who insisted that the universities, in their own 'intramural' work, have a good deal to learn from the methods which are being practised with success by certain 'extramural' teachers. No one, of course, can pretend that part-time adult education is a substitute for a full-time university course; but that does not mean that the university courses do not stand in great need of improvement.

For one thing, how many university teachers ever seriously consider the problems of teaching technique? It is all very well, and it is half the truth, to say that every teacher must develop his own method on the basis of his own experience, but it does not follow that he should be left wholly without guidance in finding the method that suits him, or that he must proceed exclusively by the way of trial and error.

We do not mean that the curious methods now largely used to train elementary teachers should be applied to university teachers — God forbid. A little popularized psychology is a dangerous thing. What we mean is that university teachers should take counsel together, calling in the aid of some of those concerned in other forms of teaching, and seek to think out afresh their methods as well as their curricula. Curricula are changing to-day, but methods still seem, in most quarters, to be regarded as eternal. To question the value of the lecture system is to be classed as either a dangerous lunatic or an educational crank.

Some lecturing, doubtless, there must always be. Ancient Greece had its lecturers as well as its peripatetics; but was not the Socratic method, in part at least, a protest against the dominance of the lecturing method? We wonder whether the mediæval universities, to which it is the custom to look back with reverence, were really so lecture-ridden as the universities of to-day. We fancy they were more free schools of argument, at any rate at their best. Even some American colleges to-day have gone a long way beyond us in questioning and supplementing the lecture with group-study.

This is not the place to pursue the more technical aspects of this problem of teaching method. Our object has been rather to raise a doubt than to propound a solution. Our doubt is whether the extension of university teaching in its present forms to the wider masses of the people will really produce the results that seem to be expected of it, and whether, if it will not, the fault will be more with the people or with the universities.

We have the greatest respect for university education, but we are inclined to believe that its best results are achieved neither in the lecture

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theatre nor in the classroom, but in the close unorganized contact of mind with mind for which the residential universities especially afford the opportunity. The undergraduate gets most education when he is not being educated. This, probably, will remain true whatever reforms may be introduced; but it is precisely this unorganized contact of mind with mind that is necessarily almost lacking in most forms of adult education. To supply its place so far as may be is the problem which teachers in this field are trying to face; and the universities, in their own more specialized work within their walls, would do well to heed the skepticism of the methods of the university teacher which some of the adult educational organizations display.

Better university teaching would not destroy the unorganized education which the students provide for themselves; it would enhance its value. It is true that, especially in the newer universities, really good teaching is probably unattainable without larger staffs and greater expense; but that is no reason for blinding ourselves to the defects of the present system.

To sum up. Teaching seems to have the dangerous property of inducing smugness, and university teachers are as liable as others to the complaint. We agree that the universities will never be reformed from without; can they not take rather more seriously the task of reforming from within, not only their curricula, but also their methods of teaching?

THE FOG

BY SELMA LAGERLÖF

From *Clarté, August* 15
(Paris Radical-Pacifist Semimonthly)

One Autumn morning in 1914, the first year of the Great War, a heavy fog fell over the peaceful countryside — still almost untouched by that world-shaking event — where the man of peace had set up his dwelling. Thick as it was, the fog allowed him to see the garden and the grounds, though it permitted his glance to wander no farther. He could see no fields, no heights, no forests. All his usual surroundings had vanished. One might have fancied he was dwelling on a desert island in the middle of the ocean.

Amazed at this restriction of his horizon, — so amazed, indeed, that his very eyes felt cumbered and hampered, — he experienced a sensation of disturbance and uneasiness while he took his morning turn about the garden — as if before some threatening danger. Involuntarily he knit his brows and strove to make his glance keen enough to pierce the misty wall of the fog. In vain! He must needs content himself with the contemplation of what lay directly before his eyes.

At first — though with bad grace enough, to be sure — he gazed at the leaves of a sorb tree, whose bright-red color had changed in the moisture to the dull glow of old leather. Then he

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noticed the spider webs, dripping with dew, which stretched among the strawberry bushes, killed by the first frosts. He murmured to himself that these webs were the veils of autumn, and wondered whether it had not been such webs that taught the women of olden time to disguise a faded beauty behind pearl-embroidered veils. The idea diverted him and, his ill humor vanishing suddenly, he looked about him with new interest.

On the first terrace stood an old apple tree, bending under its weight of fruit. Its beauty amazed him. Now, as a general thing, that particular tree had a way of putting him in a bad temper when he passed it on his walks through the garden, for he regarded it as disgracefully ugly. Its big branches pushed out low down on the trunk, and the big stiff limbs usually formed angles that were nearly square. But now, when it was in fruit, the branches, under the weight of the sorb apples, fell into charming curves. They seemed to possess force and suppleness together, and the spectator could see that their rough, coarse scaffolding was needed to sustain the burden that they bore.

The man began to feel reconciled to the fog which, by narrowing the horizon about him, had brought to his notice details that hitherto he had failed to enjoy. 'To see well and to understand what you see,' he murmured, 'you always have to look closely at what is under your very eyes.'

A few paces farther on, he found his idea confirmed. Hidden under the foliage of a plum tree he found a few ripe Queen Claudes, the last of the year, which hitherto had eluded his greedy glances. The fog seemed to have sharpened his eyes. He gathered the little green balls hastily. At that moment he heard the first sound that had come to his ears all morning from the world outside: —

'Lord God, be merciful! Have pity on the men at war! Lord, Lord, grant thy help to the men at war!'

The man of peace stopped to listen.

'Lord, have mercy on them. Blood flows like water in the trenches. Lord! Lord!'

The man, who had been deep in a calm and agreeable reverie, made a gesture of impatience. What? The war again! Did one let his thoughts stray never so little, Nature herself assumed a voice to recall the frightful calamity that had overwhelmed mankind.

Once again, in the midst of the fog, the cry rang out: —

'Blood flows in torrents! Corpses are heaped on the fields up to a windmill's height! Lord, Lord, have pity on the men at war!'

It was the poor crazy woman who wandered perpetually over the country, praying and singing, and who had lately taken to imploring God on behalf of the Great Powers which were at war. This morning, no doubt, she was following the road that led along the edge of the woods, now hidden in the fog. The poor old soul's plight touched the heart, no doubt, but the man of peace could not restrain a smile. Did this poor demented being actually hope that her prayers would hasten the end of a World War?

'Aid the men at war! Give them peace!' screamed the madwoman. 'Blood flows like a brook through the trenches!'

He stood there motionless, listening, until the voice passed out of hearing. Then he sighed and once more took up his promenade. These were, in truth, times when all the world might well proclaim its anguish. The man of peace gave a hollow groan as he thought of this struggle into which half humanity was drawn and which threatened the ruin of the whole globe.

If there had been a terrible flood or a

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volcanic eruption, though the harm wrought might have been as great, at least one would have been spared the humiliation of admitting that the whole calamity was planned and caused by men. At least one would not have had to say that, since the men who had been seized with this war folly were beings capable of reason, somewhere there must be a course of argument or action that could bring it all to an end. There would have been no need to search in sorrow and in anguish, every day and every night, to find the means of damming back the tide of devastation.

'What can I do, after all?' he said to himself, as he had said so often. 'My words carry not a whit more weight than the outcry of that poor madwoman. And yet — '

His walk had led him at length to the end of the garden. When he turned about, a charming picture opened before him. The ground sloped gently up to the house, and the man of peace saw all of his ancestral property before him — the red-painted houses, with the foliage above them tinged by the autumn in purple and gold. Viewing his lands thus in isolation, shut in by the fog, he saw for the first time how the red dwelling on the hilltop harmonized with the green and yellow tops of the great trees, with the lower buildings that served as wings, with the clusters of shrubs and bushes halfway down, and finally with the low-lying garland of young fruit trees, recently planted, which girt the hill at its foot.

His estate had never made a fairer picture than it did that morning, with the fog framing it in on every side and filling in all the gaps. There was nothing to add or take away; all was complete. Thus sunk in fog and foliage, his house appeared more beautiful than ever; well-being and security radiated from its walls. It made him peaceful and happy merely to look upon it.

Suddenly a strange idea seized him. He saw himself living, shut off from the world, on his own little estate. He fancied how it would be if his house and he should live their own lives, peaceful and modest, while the fog shut them in with its cottony wall and hid them from the world.

The fog would cut them off together, so thick, so dense, that the passers-by following the road along the woods' edge would never suspect their existence, close at hand. The rural postman with his black box would give up visiting the house. The fog would shut him off. No guests or strangers would ever again crowd the driveway leading to the dwelling.

No, the outer world would never find the road, nor would any of his household ever find the road to the outer world. Winter would follow autumn, summer would follow spring in slow alternation. The snow would fall, then melt; the fields and trees would cover themselves with green; the green would fade and vanish. Warmth and cold would bathe him, turn by turn, but the fog would stay.

They would live a dream life, the house and he. Their tasks would be a peaceful and regular succession. After the harvest, seedtime would come again; when bread was baked there would be beer to brew, cows to milk, sheep to clip, lace to spin, linen to weave. Fine, silver-glinting damask would unwind itself from the loom. One would have to live by the work of his own hands; nothing would be brought in from outside and nothing sent away. The people on the farm would have all their griefs to themselves; they could have no pride save among themselves. They would inhabit an island lost in an ocean where never a vessel sailed, and the greatest happiness of all would be escape from the horror of the Great War. The man of

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peace stretched out his arm with a gesture of relief. He cried out to the fog: —

'Stay with me, O fog! Stay with me here! Dreadful times are coming closer. Spare me the horror of living through them. Close my dwelling within your white walls. Let my days run peacefully on in the ancient home of my fathers, untouched by what goes on outside — the bloody crimes and the pouring forth of blood. Let us go about our daily round here, my household and myself, untroubled by the burden of the woes that fall on strangers far away.

'Perchance from time to time the birds will come to visit us, and we shall greet them without seeking to find whether they have messages beneath their wings. In the early morning we may hear the cries of the poor madwoman passing on the road, but we shall not trouble to learn whether she still prays for the men at war.

'When once the time of torment has passed, when men have made an end of slaying one another, then, O fog, you may vanish! Then, in ignorance of the terrible things that have taken place in the war, we shall come forth happily from our refuge to rejoice in the eternal feast of life. Our souls shall be unpoisoned with tales of violence and cruelty. Our hearts will not have lost all hope, through hearing tales of sorrow that we are powerless to aid. We shall still keep our faith in the goodness of men and in their love for works of peace. We shall be like the seven sleepers of the legend, sunk peacefully in sleep during the perilous time of human madness, to find, on our awakening, tranquillity and human joy, and to know that suffering and misery are not the only things that earth offers to her sorrowful children.'

The man of peace had scarcely finished these words when his ear detected two distinct sounds. A breath of wind, hissing like a serpent, blew the fog aside. That was one sound. The other was a distant echo of the outcry of the poor wandering woman: —

'Help, O Lord, the men at war! Give them peace! Have pity!'

It came from far away. One might have thought it a last warning. But the man was indifferent.

'Let me live in my garden, O fog!' he began once again. 'Let me discover new beauties. Teach me to fix my attention on what is immediate and near at hand. Let me do useful work in a way suited to me. Let me occupy myself with things that I can bring to a successful end. Spare me the need of going about the land like a madman, seeking means of remedy for that which I am powerless to modify.'

With these words came a new murmur from the bosom of the fog. The man thought that he heard a distant 'Thy will be done!' But that must clearly have been a mere illusion, for at this very moment came a fresh and vigorous breeze. It burst the fog into misty bits which scattered on every side. The landscape took on once more its usual aspect, and the man smiled at the fancies the fog had bred in him.

But it is dangerous to put into words such wishes as his. The powers of Nature take, sometimes, a malicious pleasure in yielding to our maddest whims. Ever afterward the man of peace observed that it mattered not how the horrors of the war increased — they no longer affected him as once they had. All that went on seemed distant, seemed not to touch his life, and seemed, in a way, not to concern him at all. He performed his daily tasks untroubled by the old anguish.

Not understanding that the genius of the fog had granted his prayer by enveloping his soul with mist, he congratulated himself on his attainment of moral equilibrium and wisdom. He saw other men, no more qualified than he,

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raise their voices, but he never saw that their endeavors availed. He compared them to the unfortunate woman, wandering in the fog, whom he had heard imploring God on that misty morning. He thought that their minds had been turned, that they were meddling in what did not concern them, in that which they were powerless to change. But in the recesses of his soul he followed what they did with a sting of unquietness.

On fair and starry nights the fog lost its power, and he thought with anguish of the moment when, leaving the earth, he would find himself before his Judge. He *knew* that he would find himself there at the same time as the woman who had prayed upon the roads, and that the Last Judge would say to him: 'I loosed a tempest on the earth. Did the thought come to your heart to lift itself against the storm?' And the Judge would go on, 'I know that power was not given you to still the tempest. But I gave you powers sufficient for pity and for charity.'

Then the man of peace would point to the woman standing beside him at the throne of God, and would say: 'There is a woman who never ceased to talk and pray. What good did it all do?'

'Assuredly her cries did not serve to turn the hearts of the haughty ones of earth,' He Who rules the universe would reply. 'But they have opened my arms and the gates of Heaven.'

Then the man of peace would know that there was no hope further for him, and he would sink into the spaces where all is cold, all shadow, all silence — and thick mists.

THE CHOCOLATE BUS

BY Y. Y.

From the *New Statesman, September* 23
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

I CANNOT help regretting the appearance of the chocolate bus in the streets of London. Not that I object to a bus of a new color. On the contrary, I have long held that the motor-bus was an unworthy successor to the old horse-bus, chiefly because the horse-bus used to pour down Piccadilly in as many colors as you will find in a box of paints, while the motor-buses scuttle along after one another in a wearisome monotony of red, as empty of personality as strings of mechanical lobsters (boiled ones).

But, if it was necessary to introduce a new color on to the streets, the last of all the colors I would wish to see there is chocolate-brown. The one drawback to chocolate is its color. Charming to the taste, it is dull to the eye. One would never eat it if one did not know from experience that it tastes better than it looks. It is, no doubt, in accordance with the great principle of compensation that runs through life that the birds of least brilliant color sing the most brilliant songs and that the sweetmeats of poorest favor should have the richest flavor. But a bus is neither a bird nor a sweetmeat, and should be

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painted red, yellow, orange, blue, green, indigo, or violet.

Even so, it was not chiefly on account of its color that I had a sense of grievance when I saw a chocolate bus the other day stealing for the first time along a route that takes me within a hundred yards of my door. I should have objected equally to a bus of any other color in the circumstances. I have for some time past been doing my best not to ride in buses, and I have often succeeded by the simple process of being excluded from their overcrowded and malodorous maws.

I have said, with the other patient inhabitants of at least one suburb of London, 'This is disgraceful,' and have vowed a lifelong abstinence from bus-riding. But no sooner do I see a bus drawing up with a seat empty — or with a piece of floor empty — than my hand reaches out for it as a dipsomaniac's for a forbidden bottle, and the next minute I find myself as ever imprisoned in the Black Hole of the vehicle, rocking through the streets in an unnatural attitude, with vibrations beyond endurance entering my heels and jigging their way upward through every bone till they reach my skull, which is only protected by my hat from the roof that bangs it sideways at every jolt.

'This,' I say to myself, as the bag I am carrying in my free hand lurches into the paper an ill-natured old gentleman is trying to read, 'is life. This,' I meditate, 'is the civilization we Europeans are trying to spread over the world. This is the fulfillment of the dreams of the Greeks and the Romans and all the great civilizing races. To be bumped about in a bus — how unfortunate is the South Sea Islander, lolling lazily by his lagoon, to have missed so uplifting an experience! How melancholy is the lot of the Fijian, who walks from place to place, like a beast, instead of riding in the belly of a mechanical rhinoceros, like a man!'

Thus I reflect, not without bitterness, as I actually pay money to the conductor for being allowed to squeeze myself into a place in which if a murderer or a bigamist were confined he would justly complain that prison-life was being made intolerable.

If jail were anything like the inside of a motor-bus with 'standing-room for five only,' no man, who was not either mad or a born criminal, would risk committing any offense likely to send him there. I can think of no more effective kind of prison reform than to abolish the prisons and commit criminals to insides of motor-buses instead.

Imagine what a sentence of 'a month' would be in those circumstances. Hour after hour, day after day, to hang on to a rail and bump and sway and stagger and vibrate through one street that is duller than another, and another that is even duller than that — to be able to read nothing but advertisements of soaps and gas-mantles and boot-polish — never to feel the wind of heaven except in the form of a draft that is half dust and half other people's breathing — to be crowded with other human beings into a space into which one could not endure being crowded even with one's most admired friends — Dante might have included such a punishment among the torments of the *Inferno*.

There is no advantage in it that I can think of except that it takes you faster than you would otherwise go to some place or other that is not worth going to. That is why I would limit the use of the insides of motor-buses to convicts. Did not the ancients punish criminals in a similar way by putting them in barrels filled with spikes and rolling them down a hill?

Having reached this point in my quarrel with motor-buses, I may seem

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illogical in greeting so hastily a new line of buses that should help to relieve the congestion. If I do so, however, I have a good enough reason. At the very moment when the first chocolate bus appeared on my home route, I had just become so impatient of all motor-buses that I had determined to learn to walk again — an art that I had almost forgotten.

One day I actually did walk. I found it an exceedingly pleasant form of movement. There was a sort of natural rhythm in it. I no longer felt that I was being thrown about by some force infinitely more powerful than myself from one London borough to another. I could pad along as gently as an old dog. I could amble at my ease like a hen picking up her dinner. I could stop whenever I liked at a shop-window and look at a case of eighteenth-century spoons, or at an array of Dundee cakes, or at a traveling-trunk that I would like to buy if I had the money to travel, or at the picture on the wrapper of Miss Ethel Dell's new novel, or at a necklace of pearls that I would sell if somebody gave it to me, or at the price-tickets on the plums and the celery at a greengrocer's.

Man is the only one of the animals that has attempted to escape from the perpetual round of motion, and to stiffen into stillness while he is yet neither a cripple nor dead. He desires to go somewhere else than where he is, but he does not desire to move. Hence, in his cunning, he has invented means after means of being moved. He has abandoned activity for passivity till he has almost achieved his ideal of being hurried to some unimportant destination like one of a heap of paving-stones rattled along in a truck in the wake of a traction-engine.

So that at the present day the human race is becoming in ever a greater and greater degree a race of passengers. Could anything look less like a happy flock of jackdaws or an ecstatic dance of gnats than the mob of human beings that we see jumbled together to-day in an underground train? They are shaken as you might jingle the money in your pocket, but they do not move. They are in a hurry, but the beauty of swiftness does not course through their beings.

Set on the loveliest of the planets, with streams flowing, with a pearly moon rolling across the daylight sky, with birds singing in the trees, with children romping under them, they neglect all this noble spectacle amid which they were meant to loll or to labor in order to shut themselves inside a lighted box on wheels, and to be borne at top speed through the dull viewlessness of the underworld.

If the human race, in abandoning the pleasures of physical movement, were finding compensation in new pleasures of the movement of mind or spirit, there would be more to be said in behalf of motor-buses. But look at the map of the world, and you will search in vain for even a village in which there is evidence of any movement of mind or spirit such as filled all Italy with beauty four hundred years before the first motor-bus had rattled human flesh and bones through the streets of London. Things being what they are, I wish the new chocolate bus every success. I shall most certainly use it. But I shall use it regretfully, thinking of all those fine walks I have been robbed of under plane trees and the spiky green balls of their fruit — past booksellers' and jewelers' and fruiterers' and tobacconists' shops and pawnbrokers' with their noble and ancient sign.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

FANCY'S KNELL

BY A. E. HOUSMAN

[*Last Poems*]

When lads were home from labor
At Abdon under Clee,
A man would call his neighbor
And both would send for me.
And where the light in lances
Across the mead was laid,
There to the dances
I fetched my flute and played.

Wenlock edge was umbered,
And bright was Abdon Burf,
And warm between them slumbered
The smooth green miles of turf;
Until from grass and clover
The upshot beam would fade,
And England over
Advanced the lofty shade.

The lofty shade advances,
I fetch my flute and play:
Come, lads, and learn the dances
And praise the tune to-day.
To-morrow, more 's the pity,
Away we both must hie,
To air the ditty,
And to earth I.

COMRADE, LOOK NOT ON THE WEST

BY A. E. HOUSMAN

[*Last Poems*]

Comrade, look not on the west:
'T will have the heart out of your breast;
'T will take your thoughts and sink them far
Leagues beyond the sunset bar.

Wide is the world, to rest or roam,
And early 't is for turning home:
Plant your heel on earth and stand,
And let's forget our native land.

When you and I are spilt on air
Long we shall be strangers there;
Friends of flesh and bone are best:
Comrade, look not on the west.

THE ANZACS' REPLY

BY RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE

[*Daily Herald*]

You soil the honor of the dead,
Laying upon their lips a lie.
Not for this cause their blood was shed;
To free the Straits they did not die.

You lie, you lie, with their dead lips;
They did not fight to free the Straits
For passage of 'unarmored ships'
Heaped to the halliards with your hates,

Crammed to the hatches with your fear,
With shrouds for sheets, with words for wind —
Gray ships of death, for they who steer
Are drunk with blood, and crazed, and blind.

You dare exploit heroic deeds —
Dare make a trade-mark of a cross;
But as you lie, the whole beach bleeds,
From every dune and every fosse

The dead men rise; the dead men spit
Your falsehood forth from lips afire;
Their gray lids ope; their eyes are lit
With lightnings of their old desire.

And with a smile the dead lips say:
'We died to set the whole world free
From war; and you, with war, betray
The Anzacs of Gallipoli!'

TULIP

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Chapbook*]

Clean as a lady
cool as grass
fresh without fragrance
the tulip was.

The craftsman who carved her
of metal prayed
'Live, O thou lovely':
Half-metal she stayed.

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COMPLEX DOCTOR FREUD

EVER since the infallible Doctor Freud constituted himself Sherlock Holmes to the human ego, there have been skeptical mortals who harbor unscientific suspicions that you don't make things simpler by calling them 'complexes.' However, the diabolic Doctor continued to toss book after book on to the market. He explained why we dream. He explained why savages make myths — which would amaze the savages. He explained why we laugh, though his explanation is no laughing matter. He sketched a new organization of society; his disciples accounted for the creation of literature — without creating any themselves.

In fact, the whole Freudian school was getting along to a new heaven (which the angels would have had difficulty in recognizing) and a new earth (which a good many of us would rather not live upon), when another eminent psychologist entered the field. It was not Doctor Coué. No, no! He cured his thousands and collected his thousands, and passed on into the undreamed-of wealth of American editions; but he did not deal with Freud. That triumph was left to a still more eminent psychologist — none other than 'Lucio' of the *Manchester Guardian*.

Lucio simplifies the whole complex situation in 'A New Ballade of Good Counsel': —

It is rude to ejaculate 'Yah!'
  When encountering those who have toyed
(To their added prestige and éclat)
  With the gospel according to Freud.
  Don't stop to grow weary or cloyed;
Swift flight is your only salvation —
  If they once get their forces deployed
It 's good-bye to the best reputation.

If they find that you 're fond of your ma,
  The sleuths are at once overjoyed,
And a sneaking regard for papa
  Would be better concealed — or destroyed.
  In fact you are safer devoid
Of a liking for any relation;
  If you hear the word 'complex' employed
It 's good-bye to the best reputation.

While as for your slumbers, aha!
  It is known that your dreams are alloyed
With every unpleasant faux pas
  That virtue would sooner avoid!
  Don't argue and don't get annoyed;
They are there, for your certain damnation,
  All classified, charted, and buoyed —
And good-bye to the best reputation.

  The moral is: Don't be decoyed
Into owning a single sensation —
  Just explain that your mind is a void,
Or good-bye to the best reputation!

Even a Freudian — if Freudians had any sense of humor — might vouchsafe a wry smile at Lucio's ballade. It is good-natured, it is amusing, and if it delivers a deft cut or two — well, the Freudian psychology can profitably stand a deal of surgery.

But not every critic is so good-natured, for there is something in the Viennese gospel that transforms all who investigate it either into ardent advocates or into violent foes. (No doubt a weighty tome accounting for this — several hundred pages at the very least — will issue presently from the hermitage of the patron saint of all good psychoanalysts.)

Most critics of the 'new' psychology are out for blood. Lucio's smiling satire is not their fashion. They prefer downright bludgeon strokes like this: —

Won't someone murder Doctor Freud?
I can't abide him.
Of all desire my psyche's void,
Save to deride him.
I 'm vexed, infuriate, annoyed —
Ill luck betide him!

Each book of his weighs fifteen pounds,
And we may thank him

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For half the bunk that goes the rounds.
We 're asked to rank him
With Newton and Charles Darwin. — Zounds!
I 'd like to spank him.

I have just one suppressed desire:
(Perhaps you guess it)
To stuff his writings in the fire,
And I confess it.
Hurrah! No 'censor' checks my ire.
I.'ll *not* suppress it!

— Now let the psychoanalysts fall to on some 'fifteen-pound books' explaining the motives for satiric verses about psychoanalysis.

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ANECDOTES OF ARTHUR NIKISCH

A GROUP of friends have gathered together, in a book entitled *Arthur Nikisch: Leben und Wirken*, their memories of the great conductor. In a collection of anecdotes taken from this work, which appears in the *Vossische Zeitung*, Nikisch appears in an agreeably human light — a man with a frankness and absence of pretense that is not quite so common in the musical world (and some other worlds) as it might be.

We reprint below a few of these stories: —

After a performance of Max Reger's 'Sinfonietta' in Hamburg, there was lively chatting among those in the musicians' room. Everyone exuberantly praised the beauty of the 'Sinfonietta.' Everyone had understood it quite well! Presently, Professor Pfohl came in, and Nikisch asked his opinion on the piece.

'My dear Nikisch,' Pfohl answered, 'I regret to say that I have not understood this work.'

'So now there are two who did not understand,' Nikisch remarked.

'But who is the other one?' Pfohl asked.

'I.'

There was an outburst of uncontrollable levity on the part of the two who 'did not understand,' and a great embarrassment among all the rest — who 'understood.'

Nikisch was short, but appeared much taller upon the platform. One time, as he walked through a dining-car in a train, he heard a woman say to her neighbor: —

'Look! There 's Nikisch in miniature.'

Nikisch was asked once why he always played a certain passage in Schumann's Fourth Symphony much slower than all the preceding and the following parts of that work. This is what he answered: —

'I always conceived it this way, and could never conduct it otherwise. You know, I never fuss and search; if I do certain things "differently," it is because I must — from the inside, outward. I want you to believe that I never sit over a score thinking, How could I introduce something extraordinary?'

This conversation brought back a memory which the master shared with me: 'At the time when I was *Kapellmeister* at the Leipzig City Theatre, I was suddenly called upon to substitute for Karl Reinicke at the Gewandhaus. He was to conduct the Fourth Symphony of Schumann and was suddenly taken ill. I was altogether unprepared; besides, there remained only one rehearsal — the last, public one. The overture "Genoveva" was performed, then Clara Schumann played the Concerto, then came the Fourth Symphony. As usual, the concert hall was full, as by that time the last rehearsal had already come to be considered as a public performance. I decided to consider it so, too, but it would n't go — it was quite impossible! From the first

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measures I had to interrupt repeatedly. To be frank, I was conducting the Fourth Symphony for the first time in my life; but for all that I could not give up my own idea of it, and let it be performed in the way to which the orchestra was evidently accustomed.

'When I came to the passage of which we have just spoken, I thought: "Now, here I am busying myself with this work and trying to introduce entirely new things — and in the first row there sits the composer's widow! She must have fled by this time, however." As soon as I came to a pause, I furtively turned my head — and there was the little old lady, weeping. She looked up at me with shining eyes, and nodded encouragement. I felt entirely composed then, and went on industriously with my rehearsal.

'Later in Boston, after I had played this symphony at one of my first concerts there, I was grilled severely in a local newspaper for my way of conducting that passage. But I only thought of that first rehearsal at the Leipzig Gewandhaus and let my critics criticize in peace.'

It is well known that Nikisch was idolized in Russia; but he was also persona gratissima at the court of both Alexander III and Nicholas II. The latter never missed an opportunity of showing his attention to the German master. At the Winter Palace, in 1911, he conducted — upon the Tsar's invitation — the Imperial Court Orchestra, which was composed of picked musicians. He just finished a brilliant Wagner programme of selections that the Tsar especially liked.

The Emperor came to him, in his usual somewhat shy manner, and spoke of his admiration and his hope to hear Nikisch again in Petrograd the next year. Late that evening, while Artur Avgustovich, as they called him at the court, was preparing for his departure the next morning, an adjutant of the Emperor presented himself, assured him again of the Sovereign's keen pleasure, and said that His Majesty left it to the artist, whether he should be rewarded by an honorarium or by the Order of St. Anna.

'Honorarium,' answered Nikisch, to the evident disappointment of the adjutant. He received the money, and the next morning was ready to leave when a personal messenger of the Emperor appeared, out of breath, carrying the insignia of the Order of St. Anna. He explained that another messenger was waiting for Nikisch at the railroad depot, also with the insignia, to be handed to the master in case this first messenger should have missed him at the hotel.

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A CRITIQUE ON MASEFIELD

MR. COULSON KERNAHAN, whose article on Austin Dobson appeared in the *Living Age* for March 4, contributes an article on John Masefield's poetry to the *London Quarterly Review* in which he finds fault with the transformation wrought in the character of Saul Kane, the central character in 'The Everlasting Mercy.'

When Mr. Edmund Gosse presented the Edmond de Polignac Prize to Mr. Masefield, he described this poem as 'a narrative of conversion, a story of the light of God breaking into a dark soul.'

From this view Mr. Kernahan dissents. He objects that the mechanism of the conversion remains disconcertingly in view. Such profound changes in character do occur, but he thinks the hand of the author is too evident in this one.

One may believe, with Mr. Gosse, that it is 'the light of God' which converts Saul Kane, or one may have an uneasy feeling

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that it is John Masefield who — on paper — converts Saul Kane, and for the reason that to do so Mr. Masefield from the first intended. . . . One seems to hear Mr. Masefield say: 'Here I must again interpolate a passage of Christian sentiment to indicate the change which is coming over Saul. Otherwise, when I finally convert my sinner — as of course I shall — the reader may think the conversion too sudden to be convincing.'

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MAETERLINCK'S PORTRAIT AND ITS PAINTER

A NEW departure in portraiture is represented in the work of the Belgian artist, Jean Jacques Gaillard, a visionary who combines a manner smacking strongly of the Orient with other characteristics that are of the West and only of the West. In his youth a musician, then a student of the Greek and Latin humanities, finally an artist, he seeks to realize in his painting Paul Voituron's dictum: 'Art is the sensuous manifestation of the Ideal.' Early trained in the purest classicism, long a wanderer in Greece, a close student of the painter Abanindranath Tagore (a brother of the poet), Gaillard makes pictures strangely unlike the work of other men. Arresting, unconventional, programmatic, — to borrow a word from the musicians, — they have none of the willful love of the freak for its own sake that is the hall-mark of so many aspects of 'modern' art. They are deficient neither in beauty nor in ideas, and they are worth studying.

How far these pictures are from the usual adornments of the galleries may be best realized from Gaillard's own description of his portrait of Maeterlinck: —

It is only a face, but with this man it is preëminently the face that impresses one, and in that face, the eyes. His eyes, in their candor and innocence, are those of a child. Goodness and generosity are manifested in them; they seem to burn with life, as with a glowing flame. I have painted his eyes red. They are wide open, serene, and full of light, and the contrast between these limpid eyes and the white hair produces the impression of a man who is at the same time aged and yet a child. Never, except in his case, have I encountered this peculiarity of the two ages made visible; it is as though in measure as he advances toward old age he becomes more of a child, with all the purity and innocence of youth in his wisdom, until finally he will escape from the earth to the realm of the angels.

The innocence which abides in his wisdom is symbolized by four crimson lambs pasturing in his hair, white as the whitest wool, spotless as snow. The lower part of the face is virile. He drinks from the golden Chalice of the Divine Word, and the Divine Word is the fountain replenishing the lake at which three white swans quench their thirst: Thought, Knowledge, and Imagination. Inside the cup hovers the Blue Bird. On his countenance are embroidered roses and fleurs-de-lis, and against the distant sky rise the spires of a cathedral in which the poet cherishes the ideal beauty of perfection. The three colors chosen are true and without tonic values: the ardent red of fire, the white purity of light, and the fresh green of grass blades.

They are strange pictures, these works of Gaillard's, but they have a beauty of their own — a quality for which the harassed modern may properly be grateful when he goes to the galleries.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Last Poems, by A. E. Housman. London: Grant Richards, New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1922. *5s.*

[*Times*]

ALMOST a generation divides Mr. Housman's *Shropshire Lad* from these *Last Poems*, and much has happened meanwhile. The *Shropshire Lad* retains and multiplies its admirers; at least one poem — 'Smart lad, to slip betimes away' — has become a common quotation; and the poet has developed into a classical critic, second to none, with a mind like a lancet. Now, doubting whether he will 'ever be impelled to write much more,' and feeling that he 'can no longer expect to be revisited by the continuous excitement' under which he wrote most of his other book, he prints forty-one poems written at various times since 1895, and 'will to the woods no more.'

[Two poems from this book appear on A Page of Verse.]

The Republics of South and Central America, by C. Reginald Enock. London: Dent, 1922. 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Real South America, by Charles Domville-Fife. London: Routledge, 1922. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Adventures in Bolivia, by C. H. Prodgers. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head, 1922. 12*s.* 6*d.* New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

[Sir Harry Johnston in the *Westminster Gazette*]

OF the three books here instanced Mr. Enock's *Republics of South and Central America* is distinctly the best. It is a second edition of a work published first in 1913, but so much improved and brought up to date as to be virtually a new book. It has interesting maps of South and Central America, and illustrations which are new, relevant, and derived from good photographs. This is a work that should be much in vogue during the next ten years, or until South American developments — proceeding on a great scale — call for an ampler account.

The Real South America, by Mr. Domville-Fife, is an interesting book, spoiled a little by several repeated blunders in spelling — Pizzaro instead of Pizarro, 'beastiality' for 'bestiality,' 'Viva *le* Religion,' and by a presumption that 'pythons' inhabit the New World. (They don't, of course, any more than boa constrictors are found in West or East Africa, an error which no one can induce the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to abandon.) But among the photographic illustrations of this work are many that are not only beautiful but novel. Such, for example, is the view of Rio de Janeiro from the summit of Sugar Loaf Mountain, the numerous pictures of the Aymara Indians of Peru, the Inca Road in the Columbian Andes, and 'A Sylvan Paradise' in the Amazon Forest. The book closes with a particularly interesting account of the last revolution in Guatemala, which brought to a close the twenty-three years of arbitrary rule on the part of President Cabrera.

Adventures in Bolivia is a book that I find it difficult to criticize. It is, apparently, written by a large man who rather harps on his weight of 265 pounds avoirdupois, and who — seemingly from Barbados — went on a wild expedition into Bolivia to hunt for Inca treasures. He shot one or two jaguars, and found himself in wonderful regions, the wonders and beauties of which he was unable adequately to describe because he knew none of the technicalities of biology.

The Experiences of an Asylum Patient, by Rachael Grant-Smith, with an introduction and notes by Montagu Lomax, M. R. C. S. London: George Allen and Unwin, 1922. *5s.*

[*Morning Post*]

SOME time ago Dr. Montagu Lomax published *The Experiences of an Asylum Doctor*, which contained a number of charges against asylum administration. A Departmental Committee was appointed to hold an inquiry, but Dr. Lomax refused to give evidence on the ground that the Committee could not go to the root of the trouble, which must involve changes in the lunacy laws, and could not take evidence on oath. He sought the appointment of a Royal Commission. *The Experiences of an Asylum Patient* is further evidence in support of Dr. Lomax, written by one of the witnesses he desired to call before a Royal Commission. . . .

It is impossible to do more than give in outline the statements that Mrs. Grant-Smith makes in this extraordinary book. If her charges are true, they are a terrible indictment against the administration of lunatic asylums. But with the presentation of one side of the case only, it is impossible to say more than that her story has every semblance of honest belief. Dr. Lomax points out a difficulty. The events narrated took place twelve or more years ago, and it is doubtful if an inquiry could establish the truth or falsity of the writer's charges. If, however, public opinion demanded an inquiry as the result of reading this simple statement of alleged cruelty and unwarranted detention in an asylum, the appointment of a Royal Commission might lead to an inquiry into the whole of lunacy administration, which certainly has its weak points.

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Joffre et Lanrezac, by Jules Isaac. Paris, 1922.

[*La Revue de Paris*]

THIS book is not a brief either for the prosecution or for the defense. It takes sides neither for nor against either Joffre or Lanrezac. The author's sole endeavor is to find the historic truth masked by the contradiction of French, English, and German testimony; by the legends invented by historians both official and officious; and by the impassioned controversies that took place with regard to General Lanrezac's rôle in 1914 and the 'enigma' of Charleroi. Though his story is critical and exact, it is also clear and vivid, and fairly definite conclusions can be drawn.

Far Off Things, by Arthur Machen. London: Secker, 1922. *7s. 6d.*

[*Outlook*]

Far Off Things is one of the most entertaining and familiar books one remembers — a vivid autobiographical chapter, condensed and complete in much less than two hundred pages; but it is without that distinctive art that makes Mr. Gosse's *Father and Son* one of the great pieces of autobiography of this or any time, and it has not just that sense for the right word in the right place which knits language into abiding literature. . . .

Far Off Things, if it is not a great book, is a book too good to be read lightly. It contains a great deal of wisdom and more than a little humor. The author throws out hints of a book yet to be written, in which hills and valleys, woods and rivers, sunrise and sunset will be described so that a story is suggested to the reader: something of Wordsworth's method, and certainly a method of poetry, though Mr. Machen does not seem to realize it in that way. Such a book he has in his mind, and if, when it comes, it improves on *Far Off Things*, Mr. Machen will have done his work better than he knew.

Medical History of the War. Surgery. Vol. I, by Major-General Sir W. G. Macpherson and Others. London: H. M. Stationery Office, 1922. *25s.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

LIKE its predecessors in the series, this book will rank as an essential work of reference, but at the same time it is a book that can be read almost without skipping. The section of widest interest outside medical and surgical circles is probably Colonel Pilcher's admirable article on the various forms of projectile and their effects, and the appendix dealing with German hand-grenades. The most important contribution to surgical literature will probably be found in the articles dealing with surgical shock and the operative treatment of wounds and injuries of the chest and lungs.

The Marshes of Wessex, by Harvey Darton. London: Nisbet, 1922. *16s.*

[*Daily Herald*]

SOME of the vilest English ever written is to be found in guidebooks. Yet there could be no better scope for good writing. For the raw material of a guidebook is the gifts of nature and the achievement of man. Fortunately the day of the dreary hack and the sentimental spiller of words is passing. Guidebooks get steadily better. Mr. Harvey Darton, writing on *The Marshes of Wessex*, affords further proof of the improvement. He combines Wessex history with Wessex geography, and, with a finely disciplined imagination, builds up a picture of how one piece of England grew to its loveliness from the age of stone to the age of petrol. He has an eye for country, a sense of history, and a loving hand.

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BOOKS ANNOUNCED

BOTTOMLEY, GORDON. *Britain's Daughter.* London: Constable. *7s. 6d.* A new edition, which will include another play, *Gruach.*

CALDWELL, THOMAS (Editor). *The Golden Book of English Verse.* London: J. M. Dent and Sons. The poems are chosen from the shorter pieces published between 1870 and 1920, and, as the aim of the anthologist is to consider the poetry without reference to the author's reputation, men with but one fine poem to their credit get in. Lord Dunsany has written an introduction.

LYND, ROBERT. *Solomon in All His Glory.* London: Grant Richards. For issue in December.

MASSON, ROSALINE (Editor). *I Can Remember Robert Louis Stevenson.* London: W. and R. Chambers. For issue in November. Personal recollections contributed by Thomas Hardy, Sir James Barrie, Sir Sidney Colvin, and Edmund Gosse.

PRESTON, HAYTER. *The House of Vanities.* London: John Lane. Including unpublished drawings and designs by Claude Lovat Fraser and an introduction by Haldane McFall.

SHAW, BERNARD. *The Quintessence of Ibsenism.* London: Constable. A new edition, completed by the author up to the date of Ibsen's death, with a new preface.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

ARRHENIUS, SVANTE. *Die Chemie und das moderne Leben* (German translation). Leipzig: Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft, 1922.

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This Week

The first thing to which most people will turn in this issue of the Living Age will be the symposium of German, British, and Italian opinions on the future of Europe. Their brief and scornful references to America will whet your appetite for the next article, "As Others See Us," in which a French radical gives the "hundred-per-center" an "earful."

* * *

Some three hundred and fifty artists had tried and failed to obtain permission to sketch or sculpture the Pope, before M. François Cogné succeeded. His natural sensitiveness to all impressions accounts, no doubt, in part for the charm of the picture he gives us of "A Sculptor in the Vatican."

* * *

Trotzky, whom we are accustomed to regard as the military dictator of Russia, surprises us all by assuming the mantle of the man of letters, with no small success. His description of a journey through Spain is so full of humor and grace that we quite forget the ogreish qualities commonly attributed to him. And another Russian, this one a woman and a member of nobility, gives her impression of Florence.

* * *

Not since the days of Peary and Amunsden have there been more exciting and dangerous explorations than the assaults on Mount Everest. Two of the adventurers themselves tell of the gallant attempts recently made upon it and explain why the task is so insuperable.

* * *

The picture of Afghanistan shows us another remote spot. What with Italy, Spain, and Everest, this makes quite a journey for a single week.

* * *

Lovers of French literature will want to read the two accounts of Loti and Barrès. The former, being written by a Hungarian, is especially interesting.

* * *

Especially since the war, Austria has been regarded with rather a friendly and sympathetic eye. Crown Prince Rudolph's letters show that anti-German feeling was strong in Imperial circles, some forty years ago.

* * *

Our readers will all be glad to hear that we have at last succeeded in having Russian papers sent direct from Russia to our offices here. This service will keep you in touch with the most recent developments in that country at the earliest possible moment.

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THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

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